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NOVEMBER 1974

CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE



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INSIDE MACLEAN'S



It's unlikely anyone in Canadian journalism had as interesting a beginning as did *Maclean's*. John Maclean, sitting on a toilet in a small apartment in Brandon, Manitoba, back in the Depression, "I had a job rejecting sports," he recalls. "It was winter and I was also going to school, so I used to get up early. The only place warm enough to work was the bathroom, and I'd turn on the radiator, sit on the rim and write out my stories in longhand. It was a comfortable place to compose."

Maclean managed to combine re-judging and school in yet another off-hour manner. While he was waiting for the Brandon Sun, he found out that two local schools had heavy advertising debts with the paper. He suggested to his editor that the Sun write off the price of Maclean's tuition to one of the schools' spend its debts. The editor agreed, as did Brandon College, and Maclean was off to school. Political economy was his major, but sports his passion, and he was a member of the college basketball team as well as college tennis champion. The sports he couldn't play, he wrote about, and when he departed with a better knowledge of papers than economics, as well as a delightful flair for writing, he had already landed a job with Canadian Press. Not bad for a 19-year-old kid.

The years from graduation in 1937 to 1976 have meant a variety of newspaper jobs and nine books (five novels, *The Man On Wall Street* is being published this month by McClelland and Stewart) and it's being exercised as well as *Sports Illustrated*. Most of these years have also meant a long, happy marriage to writer June Calverton, years in which Maclean has been, as they say, "proud." Four kids, for one thing. An incredible number of wives, such as the one on Philadelphia Flyer coach Fred Shero (see page 38) for another. It is Maclean's 14th for Maclean's.

His career is a long way from the odd toilet seat in Brandon. And it's been a good many years since Maclean studied political economy. When you've accomplished what he has, it's time, so that's why in the sports world for others to go to school on you.



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ED BROADBENT: PICKING UP THE PIECES OF THE NDP

By Walter Stewart

A party executive once asked me why, if I thought I knew so much about politics, I didn't run for office. I replied, "Nonsense, that I lacked qualifications, but that wasn't all of it, by a long shot. The truth is that a politician's job is, by and large, a very easy one. Why, and you know nothing but complaints about malfeasance in office, loss, and you are out-signed in the numbers of history. Take Robert Stanfield. He could argue that he is the second-best man at his job in Canada, all he has to show for seven years in Ottawa is a noisy ticket to Nova Scotia. He wouldn't be treated like that in any other setting — except professional sport, where the same rules apply. Or take Ed Broadbent, the intemperate and probable future leader of the federal NDP.

When Broadbent reached for the leader's mantle in 1971, it was denied him; in fact, he wound up frank in the contest that elected David Lewis. Now, nobody else wants the job, and the MP from Oshawa-Wentworth is welcome to it. Former Saskatchewan Premier Allan Blakeney or Manitoba Premier Ed Schreyer could have the leadership for the asking; both of them were thinking about it before the July elections. Indeed the NDP representation in the House of Commons, and turned the leader's job from power-broker to also-ran. (Pierre Barrette of British Columbia was never seriously considered by the party, too majestically crowned, they believe.) When the party convenes next March to pick Lewis' successor, Broadbent's rivals will be candidates of modest reputation: such as Leslyn Nyssim and Ray Kormanow of Saskatchewan and John Murray of Ontario. In all likelihood Broadbent will become NDP leader.

But he will inherit a party ship in troubled waters; it's as if the captain of the Titanic called up his engineer one faggy night, gave him the wheel and told him not to trouble his pretty head about iceberg.

Nervy mind, politicians see a cherry lot, and the other day Ed Broadbent was saying that he was glad to have the helm. He bristled, he said, but he knows there are difficulties ahead, he intends to look back on those days as the challenging juggle in the party's climb to power. This will be so, he suggested, because of a change induced by the new election process act.

That act, Broadbent believes, will shift the party's emphasis away from the provincial level in the federal system. "In the past," he said, "the federal NDP has been a shadowy force, dependent on what we could wheedle out of the provincial parties in the strong provinces [i.e., Ontario, Manitoba, Saskatchewan and BC], and the members always thought of themselves as provincial members first. After all, their constituencies are provincial, and they get everything from the provinces — meetings, a newspaper, a sense of belonging. What do they get from the federal party? — 300 jumpkins to deliver every election."

Broadbent believes all that will change. The new election act operates through the federal structure, especially in the all-important matter of who gives out the receipts for tax-



dedible donations. Cliff Sontien, the federal secretary, is the party's official agent; he and his designates will control the receipts. So, Broadbent has two hopes: one, that the fate of a tax deduction will tempt a reluctant populace to part with more money for the NDP, and, two, that much of the new money will stay at the federal level.

With a steady income, he hopes to make a number of moves. He wants a permanent research bureau attached to the federal office; he wants a regular party newspaper with an Ottawa edition (to supplement the provincial papers), and he wants a permanent federal electoral machine. "What happens now is that every time an election is called, we go to the provinces and ask to borrow their people, we get them and then, when the election is over, they go back home and the whole thing falls apart."

Broadbent would like to launch a permanent drive for a million members at once, he won't say how many, but it's not hard to guess — about 50, the 31 the party held before July 8 and 17 or 18 others where it is strong enough to dream sweet dreams. He wants to funnel most of the party's money and effort into those areas, using the campaign technique which has worked so well for the NDP in provincial elections (Broadbent used the technique himself in the last election: he and 700 volunteers' working in Ontario-Wentworth and boosted his victory margin from 825 votes to more than 10,000). With these moves, he hopes the party will be re-emerged in the next election, and can be taken seriously once more as a possible future government.

Cliff Sontien, the NDP federal secretary and the man on whom, in the end, Broadbent will have to depend, agrees that in theory this sounds fine. But the NDP doesn't run on theory, and any dream of new spots thrown up by the tax-deductible provision of the election act will have to be worked out with the provincial groups. "The constitution lays down very strict rules about what should happen to money in this party, but what happens in fact is that I call BC and say I have to have \$6,000, and they put it in the mail, or somebody from the provinces calls me for \$6,000, and I get a bank loan and send it out. That won't change." In short, if any hidden militant came wailing out of the ground because of the new law, there will be a cash-off over who gets to keep them, and that dispute will be settled in the usual way, by some sort of vote-off.

Just the same, Sontien agrees that Broadbent, whose "charming naiveté" he admits, makes a good case for more centralization. He also agrees that Broadbent is the obvious front-runner in the leadership race. (His doesn't mean that Sontien looks Broadbent, he has no public favouritism, so he would certainly have favoured Allan Blakeney's candidacy in no circumstances.)

So perhaps the NDP should stop whirling the blues and start knowing *Happy Days Are Here Again*, but it wouldn't hurt, just in case, to practice up on that other old standby, *Never My God To Thee*.



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THE AESTHETICS OF KNOT-TYING: STRAIGHT, CLEAN AND SIMPLE

By Harry Beece

It is an age in which men go to sumptuous Mediterranean beach clubs where they use beads to buy the attention of waitresses, silk-clad blond girls, I hesitate to label a series of the most beautiful things by using the word "beads" on a night I must, by definition, not think of the art of beads for the moment, the working class journey, the after-supper swing, the Sunday sailor, the snowmobile at every corner and the general production — faster than a subway train for a rich man's fly — of more pleasures for more people than the world has ever known. In such a time, who wants to waste like a Boy Scout leader?

"Now boys," he says, "just remember this. Few things in life offer more drop-down, limping, solid satisfaction than simply knowing how to tie the right knot at the right time for the right job. Besides, when the other kids the difference between a red knot and a green."

He's hardly ready, as he'll tell, he's right you know. You can find few things so elegantly unadorned, beautifully functional and clearly correct as a properly tied knot. In a world that seethes with logically crushing values, a knot is always a simple moral declaration. A knot is either right or wrong. If it's wrong, it's an abomination. If it's right, it's a marriage of virtue to perfection. Abound a small knot, a good knot can save your life. A bad knot one kill you. This is because it's a triumph of chaos over order.

Knots, the style knots, have always been essential to lifting and dragging stones, logs, beams, railroad ties, bridge supports, the very skeletons of the great temples of the world. Cowboy knots were once important too in the saloon of the old West. Without knots, how could Michelangelo ever have hung up there under the ceiling of the Sistine chapel for four and a half years? Without knots, where would strayed businessmen be today, and, without strayed businessmen, where would classical music be? This is art, science, religion, engineering, transportation, architecture, in everything by which we measure the progress of civilization, the humble knot has played its part. The romance of the knot is a bigger story than The National Diet.

To make a good knot then is to do your hands in the whole flow of human history, not at a mere basic and crumbly level, it is an irrefutable statement of its maker's manual competence. You've no idea how important that can be to a lifting bouncer of all odd jobs. I know guys who can climb their own earlobes, strip down their own outdoor toilets, build intricate furniture, and tell you exactly what a universal knot is (Myself, I've chosen though a universal knot was a dividing place in the sky.) They're not me. Besides, the fact of their genius is an affront to my sanity. You see, I was 38 before I changed my first woman, and I have yet to install a curtain rod without humiliation.

There's another thing about these guys. They're insufferably neat. They're always cleaning their tools and putting things exactly where they belong. There's a connection between manual efficiency and personal neatness, and I'm sure



it's obvious. As infants, I suspect those guys wet their diapers more neatly than I did, and now, I can't even smile through a room with me infecting it with a mysterious air of dishevelment. Deep down, I've always known that superior efficiency as a handyman and chronic personal happenings were both symptoms of the same shortcomings in the masculine virtues of discipline, determination and control.

Ah, but my knot! They are my animal religion. A good knot is the epitome not only of efficiency but of restraint as well. A good knot is so round, so firm, so fully packed. It enables a man to make a piece of rope do exactly what he wants it to do in seconds (which is more than one can always say of asked rope, even as a Mediterranean beach club). It holds tight under lots of pressure but, the moment you no longer need it, it succumbs to a push of the thumb and a twist of the wrist and dies without complaint. It is the ultimate in loyalty and obedience, and if there's anything superior to a good knot it's a good ship.

Knot scholars figure that, down through the centuries, among masses of ropework have perfected no less than 3,000 different knots, bends, hitches and splices. Many of these, of course, are unnecessary; the singular efforts of craftsmen to elevate the function to the artistic. The way I've been going on, you'd think I knew all 3,000 but the truth is I know only half a dozen knots and a couple of splices. I'm no knot scholar. I'm not even a knot hobbyist. That's damn knots are all I really need to live correctly with a well-situated named Mike Shadow and — like Captain Quack with his ball bearings in *The Cow Movie* — to occupy my hands in moments of mental stress.

The knots I know best are simple and, in every respect, wholly admirable: the common reef knot, the figure of eight, the sheet bend, the clove hitch, the round hove and two half hitches, and the always handy bowline. Each has a purpose of its own but the "king of knots" is the bowline. You can use it to join lines, to make a loop, to tie to a ring or machine. You can do double bowlines to make seats for people, bowlines on high to make handles for sawing. Spanish bowlines to make things for scaffolding.

I love them. Whether coiled in a pipe, or used on the job, or making out from Mike Shadow to a dockside hand, knots are unmissable stuff. The scariness, browns, smells line, vehicle of a billion knots down through the centuries. . . the hard, lumpy, colorful polypropylene line, which floats — the light cotton line that's only on your hands — the silky ripcord line, strong as steel yet flexible as a girl's handkerchief hair. I know them all and the things I can do with them, and I'm especially fond of my exquisite eye splices.

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REPATRIATING EDUCATION: THE STANDARD OF NEW JERSEY

By Dave Rendley

Dennis Belichewer looks like a quiet, unassuming young man. His name means "good harvest" in English, and most of the time he lives up to it. But when his alma mater, the University of Windsor, told him that his honors degree in psychology and his A average weren't good enough for its graduate school, he got angry.

What riled Dennis was that his rejection was based largely on a test produced and scored in the U.S., that six of the eight members of the admissions committee were American, and that five of the six places in the first year masters program in psychology went to U.S. students.

Dennis, who is 25, would scarcely be seen as Canadian. His French-Canadian family has lived in Ontario since it was Upper Canada and he's fluently bilingual. He's also a good student by any standards: Four years ago when he graduated from Windsor's Assumption College High School he took with him the title of the Year Award for outstanding leadership and a scholarship from the Ontario English Catholic Teachers' Association. He's been on the University of Windsor's president's roll of scholars for the past two years and the Ontario Ministry of Colleges and Universities followed up his good performance with a \$3,000 graduate scholarship.

The future looked bright until the committee on admissions handed in its recommendations. The committee gave equal weight to three factors: marks, recommendations from faculty and the score on the Graduate Record Examination (GRE), a six-hour test produced and scored by the Educational Testing Service of Princeton, New Jersey.

It was the test that killed his chances, Dennis admits. And it's not surprising that he didn't do well. Whenever he came to a question he considered too U.S. oriented — such as those assessing the poverty of the U.S. peninsula, the sociology of Southern U.S. ghettos, black-white race relations or the role of U.S. Senators — he cringed in and out and wrote in "What about Canada?"

The committee announced its decision on March 27. And Dennis started shouting. One of the places he shouted was the editorial offices of the Windsor Star which printed his charges the next day. The reaction was immediate and furious. First the dean of graduate studies at the university, Dr. C. P. Crowley, announced he was looking an appeal by Dennis and three other Windsor graduates. Then an American psychology professor, Dr. Lawrence La Fave, charged that the four graduates didn't really have A averages and released grade point averages to the press. The university's president, Dr. J. Francis Luddy, publicly repudiated La Fave for "gross breach of confidentiality." Another American professor, Dr. Robert Engelson, a member of the admissions committee, defended its decision by testifying that University of Windsor professors are over-grading. President Luddy challenged the allegation and produced an analysis of 40,000 grades given last year to back his point. Finally, Fred Bonasoli, NDP member for Windsor West and a former U of W professor, raised the issue in the Legislature.



The Legislature is the last place any administrator at the U of W would want Dennis Belichewer's charges read. Over the years the U of W has been featured in debates there with dizzying frequency.

This time, the Minister of Colleges and Universities, James Auld, told members he would consider Bonasoli's proposal that province-wide standards be set up for admissions to all graduate courses. Outside the Legislature, he told reporters he is "looking at" the question of foreign teachers on the staff of Ontario universities, but that it was too early to announce any proposals.

"Looking at" in this case means studying the recommendations of the Select Committee on Economic and Cultural Nationalism, submitted last fall. The committee urged measures to create "substantially higher" standards of Canadians on Ontario university faculties.

Any move in this direction would have a profound effect on most Ontario universities, at the University of Windsor it would be revolutionary. Not that the university in Windsor is unique. The University of Toronto advanced this year for professors of sociology at various levels. When the selection process was finished and the seven appointments were finally made, six out of seven to the posts that 36 Canadian applicants (of the seven foreign professors hired, six were American).

Windsor has a higher proportion of American faculty members than any other Ontario university — so many that it has been unfairly dubbed Windsor State U. The select committee found this over all, more than a quarter of Windsor's faculty was made up of American citizens. In the one personal psychology department, only 33% are Canadian. In the music department, only 37% are Canadian, and in sociology a meagre 29%.

Dennis Belichewer was his battle for a place in graduate school. The committee decided — in his case only — to disregard the results of that American-made test. He still believes it shouldn't have been regarded in the first place. The University of Guelph's psychology department, he points out, doesn't use the GRE nor do many other departments at the University of Windsor itself. If graduate level testing is required, he contends, it should at least be through an examination produced and scored in Canada, not New Jersey.

Dennis is now, at classes after a transfer at the Southwestern Regional Centre at Cedar Springs near Chatham, where he worked as a psychometrist measuring the abilities of the children sent there for care and treatment. He says that, although he was apprehensive about the possible results of his outspoken views, he's experienced no discrimination by faculty. But he wonders about the teaching assistant job he applied for and didn't get. And at times he wonders if anyone's really listening.

During the summer he held of the psychology department, Dr. Marius Ruz, a Canadian, went on sabbatical leave. Now was replaced by, you guessed it, an American from the University of Pennsylvania.

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EDDIE SHACK: A HUSTLER ON THE ICE— AND OFF

By Roy MacGregor



Late last January, after coming up for only a very few hockey games, Eddie Shack landed a permanent left wing spot on the Toronto Maple Leafs when Paul Henderson fell ill. And the Easterner went on a rampage — scrapping and scoring — inspiring the Leafs to seven straight victories. It was a comeback inspired in more ways than one, up until the night he was named as the game's first star, the three-star selection (usually made by broadcast) Foster Hewitt had been just one more of pro hockey's dreary newcomers. But Eddie changed all that. He came out like a Brahmin bull at a radio, belted in centre ice and presented like Napoleon, leading hysterically. A slight grin, but it eloquently told Canadians what they'd been missing in their small-time game. Eddie became a star again simply because he loved the sport more than anyone else seemed to anymore. Everyone talked about the outrageous hauls, yet, this spontaneous gift to a bored audience, but few people were aware that this move, like most Eddie Shack moves, was carefully calculated.

"I'd wanted to do that since I left Toronto in '67," Eddie dinged. "But Foster Hewitt would never pick me. I'd worked on that move for years. I was sick of playing going out there in their sleep and maybe waving. Hell, if they pick you, then you're a star. You may as well go out and give 'em a whirl. You're a star man."

Eddie's been calculating these things all his life. "Basically, I'm not a hockey player," he says. "I'm a businessman. I love making money." That attitude, and the hundreds of others that have marked his career, have compensated for any game skills he might be lacking. What other seven-foot center from last season landed three promotion bids this year (Candy Test, Thomson and Peck)?

Shack recently has been heading back into the world again. (Ask him his biggest thrill as hockey and you'll get "My first paycheck.") When he played junior hockey in Guelph, Ontario, he convinced the team's sponsor, Britevue Milk, to give him discounts and he got himself up as bait, dishing to players throughout the entire league. On weekends, he'd slip into Toronto before heading up to hometown Sudbury, pick up a meek coin and drop it up north for a \$250 profit. He even managed to travel from the number of times (five) he got traded in the NHL. In every new city he'd go an old house, fix it up, and turn it over for a handsome price. He taught himself how to buy and sell real estate in 1958. He paid him \$7,500, and a year got much better. "All through the Skates I never made better than \$10,000."

So Eddie scratched. He wheeled and deined his way to a small fortune, making himself probably the wealthiest disreputable in the country. He didn't have to dig for all of it — he made some and lost some through windfalls. When Shack played for French-Indian's Leafs he rented a house from financier M. J. Boylen, and Boylen took a big chunk to Eddie. Boylen was a shareholder with K. C. Irving in Brunswick. Money and one day when Shack told him he should buy in. Eddie had \$20,000 of his own, borrowed \$35,000, and soon made over \$100,000 on the stock market. That was 1966, when French decided to donate Shack to the museum. "I wasn't going to go to Rochester," Shack says. "I had enough money to quit hockey, but French talked me into giving it a try. In a week, we were back with the Leafs and I began all about my stock. French got the Boylen — sold me when he buy it but not when to get out. I've still got the stock. It used to be worth \$20 a share — now it's three bucks."

Other deals showed better returns. He once bought 9,000 NHL packs wholesale and doubled his money by selling them to him at home. He's ordered 4,000 hockey sticks to try the same trick this season.

The latest Shack project — and the one in which he appears to be investing his future — is an 18-hole golf course he owns with three partners near Toronto. People are coming to see him fly about in a Maple Leaf colored dress huggy as much as to play the course, and Eddie's selling them Eddie Shack golf balls, Eddie Shack shirts and even hats. There's a bar on the course's grounds that makes it hard to retrieve lost balls, and if you look closely at the pro shop you'll receive jackets of muddy balls, selling for a dollar.

We played his course together early this fall and Eddie pointed it out early three times: a putt, a four iron and an eagle. I watched him very closely. Eddie Shack does it. I think he tried it once and didn't like it. When he and Red Kelly got back together in Pittsburgh in 1972, Kelly was awakened one night in his hotel room. Eddie, slightly drunk, was at the door, on his knees and begging forgiveness for something that had happened six years back. They'd been teammates in Toronto in 1966 and in the last part of the schedule, Eddie had been given credit for a deferred goal that had come out of Kelly's shot. Eddie now wanted to own up; the pack had never reached him. But Eddie at the time had only 24 goals he needed 25 to pick up his bonus, and hoped Red understood.

Eddie was turning a back to me then. He'd probably never seen 23 goals again in a season. At 37, he's ancient for a powerman player. Kilmister can't be far away, and once Eddie's done with, the nose that looks as if someone once tried to land a 747 between his ears isn't here any more on television. Nor will the monomelic thin spread with the breadth and density of an eagle's wingspan. Nor will the forward smile, maniacal, the staring, gray eyes. Well, Red's going to get by. And he won't have to read to do it.

Until he has to retire, though he'll keep trying out for Red teams, so he did this year, even if it means lifting on pure the gates at the end of the bench. His retirement is pure Shack — "One set over and if I can't see \$12 just to watch"

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Then came the cult of Sewardhood and with it another possibility altogether. We women could love each other. It had a kind of logic morally which had to substitute for experience — what did we know in those days of living intimately with women and voluntarily sharing each other's con-

I was always extremely in a lesbian to try primary love a while and to concentrate during that time on falling in love with a woman in a way of learning homosexuality. To judge from the airway of her face, the professor of her manner, she might be a bad site. There aren't any women I know, that I like, that I can fall in love with, with one "Swiss," I can't like that. The difficulty is in the site, it's difficult to have in that "fallen in love" three times with women, these are absolutely not, that I say, biological aspect to push this feeling over the borders into sexual love. Of course, it's possible that we weren't long far race simply because that's the school we went to, but when we grow up in a radically different culture, that's not much I can do about my sexual inclination to women. There are many I love, yes, identify with, admire and support, but when it comes down to that appetite of the flesh and the psychic agony of separation from this person, it's not my case. Adam Tait is not particularly convincing. It wasn't his fault, it was mine. I was not a classic case that met have loved, suffered over one of our virtues, different the other side our lives.

YOUR VIEW

An apology/Losing labor's love/Cleaning up the CBC

In an article on Ron Lancaster (*Kind Of a Love*, October), Maclean's accurately reported that a Winnipeg automobile dealer provided a car for Lancaster's use. In fact, the car was provided by a Regina dealer. Maclean's rights are undoubtedly on our side, but we regret the error caused Maclean's or the Regina dealer.

Benefits of labor

Since I am one of those whom Ed Fern has labeled "a bright young union cartoonist," in *Labor's Love* (May), my reactions to his article may be of some interest.

The Canadian labor movement is not a personal monolith. Its leaders, once elected, do not require the power to march legions of workers before and behind. It does not conform to the neat corporate models that journalists find convenient. Ed Fern's article indicates that he knows something about these realities but it nevertheless manages to enter to the readership earlier than the Canadian Labor Congress, the "head office" of Canadian unions.

My beef is not with Fern's position as much as with the many completely unsubstantiated allegations and implications upon which it is apparently based. Let me deal with a few.

First, says Fern, "labour's social action doesn't go much beyond the passing of laws related to compensation, ' ' and labor." At the level of the individual union — where the action is — the emphasis is almost entirely on market unionism."

I don't know what union Fern has been observing but if he had visited some Saskatchewan, Iowa, for example, he would have found members and officials actively engaged in work for the New Democratic Party, the California grape and lettuce boycott, various community organizations and the union's own wide-ranging interest membership education activities. He would have been able to read union presentations on taxation, northern development, the energy crisis, the needs and rights of Canadian Indians and to stand alongside women in the work force. There are only a few examples of what goes on in my union. Many of these same subjects are discussed at summer and weekend schools put on by the Canadian Labor Congress and annually attended by hundreds of unions too small to support their own education departments. Since the Farber labor law case, through the central congress, the provincial federations and the individual unions, what is probably the largest mass rural adult educational system in Canada.

Organized labor's influence in the field of health care, social security and social standards has been and will continue to be of immense value to all Canadians, union members and others alike. Golly enough, the period during which labor's contribution of collective bargaining and political action has had its most notable success has been the period since the two former congresses ceased to join the Canadian Labor Congress — while, according to Fern, the move-

ment was doing a Rip Van Winkle.

Another oversight both Fern and Maclean's have done the union is the grade classifications applied to the union national unions. You see, I suspect, entitled to call the executive council of the C.L.C. "The Union Establishment" but you are not entitled to say, as you have done, that some of its members are less Canadian than others because they lead or hold memberships in international unions. If you or Fern have evidence of some union U.S. manipulation of those or other Canadian unions, be specific and provide names and incidents. I have been a member and representative of the United Steelworkers of America, one of Canada's largest unions, for about 30 years. I think it is the best union in Canada. Whether I am right or not I hope will depend on the record and not on cheap sneers.

As for Eugene Foray, Harry Crowe, Cliff Scott, Dick Nichols and Henry Wraggins, whom Fern implies left the labor movement as traitors and disloyal, their creativity, skill, and Maclean's should perhaps have interviewed these gentlemen. I know most of these named personally and doubt that they would sustain Fern's argument. I am proud of the contribution these and other former union people have made to government, politics, the arts and letters.

The reputation of the Canadian labor movement contains more of mass than velocity. Our prime issue is people working together and this movement has changed and benefited Canada in many ways, some of them hard to measure. Ed Fern and Maclean's appear to prefer something flatter but less substantial.

DOUGLAS M. TAYLOR, ASSISTANT TO THE NATIONAL DIRECTOR, UNITED STEELWORKERS OF AMERICA, TORONTO

Corrupting the news

One complaint I have about the CBC I would have liked Val Clery to quote in his article, *CBC Programmed For Failure* (June), concerns the existence of commercialism in the core hours of *News and Current Affairs* that the local CBC stations across the country provide five nights a week for suggestion regional audiences (i.e., Moncton in Edmonton and Vancouver, 24 hours in Winnipeg and Toronto, City 41 in Montreal).

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You'll recall that the CBC's copyright-latest the CBC for keeping News and Current Affairs free of the taint of commercials. And it is true that network News and Current Affairs programs are commercial-free. The single exception is *Tale, Therapy*, but who cares about an afternoon program with a small audience of ladies? And who worries about commercials in locally produced programs? Certainly not the CBC, which needs the great amount of money these local pro-

grams earn, and, apparently, not Pierre Trudon and his colleagues even though they know as well as does the CBC that by subsidizing commercials in a News and Current Affairs program such as Edmonton's *Newspeak* the corporation is guilty of violating one of its most necessary and important mandates.

PIERRE TRUDON, CBC, EDMONTON

Needling doctors

Douglas Giesler, the communications director of the Canadian Medical As-

sociation, has every right to quibble with my crude ascription for his polemical literary as expressed in *May issue of Maclean's*. But I think he has no right to accuse me of inaccuracy or especially of perpetuating a medical hoax — "a viral medical hoax" — as he put it — as the Canadian public.

Whether Mr. Giesler and the not-so-nerveless of the medical profession like it or not, acupuncture does work. What bothers him, I think, is that doesn't fit into their narrow thinking — the narrow thinking that has characterized and occasionally retarded the progress of western medicine. I don't want to go overboard — as I am in my story, we are for the most part better off for the cautious and conservative approach our doctors have shown. But it was the negative side I well, and it is — as Mr. Giesler puts in his letter — eloquently self-righteous. What he's saying, whether he believes it or not, is that the Chinese, if Japanese, the French, Germans, Australians et al have been practicing a responsible medicine, and have been therefore deserving their present by the complement of acupuncture. This is a perversion of the word. What he is saying is that while we missing Western Doctors, they are have all the answers, we will continue — because of our inflexible method — discover them.

Whether he recognizes it or not, acupuncture has been shown to work on all the things it said it worked to. He would deny that, a priori, but he is exposed and of no consequence to me. And if my article held out hope to some people who felt their step was hopeless — because Mr. Giesler's western medicine could do nothing for them — then I'm glad, because keep my hope, is better than being assigned to the trash heap of the scientific system.

JERRY GALLIE, TORONTO

Canadian Camelot

In Jane Calwood in *Maclean's* *First Lady* (August) attempting to make a "little Kennedy" in Ottawa? Do Canada need one? Miss Calwood's empowering article indicates that it believes we do. It also appears that she would be pleased to lead such a regenerating project. That is, if Canada's First Lady who was and "well-to-do, busy, beautiful" is led by all.

If Mrs. Trudon sincerely does a wish to be "pinkie" as Miss Calwood leads us to believe, then go help Mrs. Trudon as well as the lady ship away from Miss Calwood's of

new attempts to do so. Finally, I would like to ask you to explore the *Year View* section of your magazine as it is one of the most enjoyable parts of *Maclean's*.

D. CRAIG SPENCER, VICTA, MAN.

It is truly difficult to describe the sensitivity of a person in words let alone in prose. However, the article entitled *Maclean's First Lady* written by Jane Calwood (August) authored what seemed to be the responsible. When reading the article and viewing the accompanying pictures one has the sense of really standing with Canada's First Lady and experiencing what is written in words.

A truly wonderful work of journalism for which the author and *Maclean's* magazine are to be heartily congratulated.

CYNIA D. GIBSON, WILLOWDALE

Even though some Canadian journalists seem to denigrate the creation of *Canadian Month* I do wish they would show respect for and understanding of our political culture. Mrs. Trudon is the Prime Minister's wife, she is no away Canada's first lady than Mrs. Wilson or Crest Britain's. If historical labels are essential, then please do Mrs. Lévesque the courtesy of being correct.

As for the article's substance, I set out to learn about someone who has been described frequently as a beautiful woman. After plowing through a collage of pretty pictures it became apparent that the author had told me about a prime minister's photo glimpse.

While it is difficult to know where the author's hand is after reading *Time*, *Kathleen's* *File*, *for* *Play-Off*, I understand why it is where it is. In *Maclean's* instead of journalism. Miss Calwood was doing a little myth managing.

BROD SMITH, VANCOUVER

Paying our dues

Marta Zagis makes a lady misdirected feminist on Canadian studies in her article *Our Ashkenazi Are Being Ripped Off* (June).

As president of the Writers' Union of Canada, she asks that we adopt "a literary composition" system through which published Canadian writers might gain greater monetary compensation for their work.

A more positive approach might be for the Writers' Union to voice its grievances to the publishers (over a negotiating table in other words) instead of misrepresenting on one of the few social freedoms we have left —



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KAYWOODIE/YELLO-BOLE/MEDICO
The World's Favorite Pipes

YOUR VIEW / continued from page 25

going to a free public library. A further voice suggesting poets might be the lowering of book prices.

A good union is responsible for more than just the material betterment of its members; it is also responsible for bettering the society that sponsors its existence.

BON STREIB, YELLOWKNIFE, NWT

Cook's Tour

Every now and then Macdon's magazine comes through with a story that touches the heart and makes one realize the vast differences and ignorance we Canadians live under.

Michael Cook's Twenty-Five Year Tour (Aug.) should be read by all Canadians for not only does it point out our total lack of serious concern for Newfoundland but also what we must overcome if we are to survive as a nation.

All Canadians are "as much a victim of circumstance" as our own distorted view.

It's time we woke up and tried a little respect and understanding for all the provinces and territories and people of Canada. If we don't we'll only drive in our ignorance and intolerance of others' feelings.

MICHAEL PETER, TORONTO

A Pissent Fan

In John McQueen's article *Pissant's Progress* (August), Gordon Pissant says that while trying to sell the script for *The Revolution* in Los Angeles — "one guy told me his thought it would be a great vehicle for Steve McQueen."

Can you imagine Steve McQueen in the role of a Newfoundland paper mill worker? They would have had to turn the movie into a comedy for that, and McQueen makes no better a comedian than he makes a "Newfie." I am grateful that the script stayed in Canada and that Pissant ran his mill.

M. A. BRADY, MONROVIA

Our pleasure

My husband and I enjoyed Macdonald by Hugh MacLennan (August) and John McQueen's *Pissant's Progress* but best of all we loved *Scotchman's B.* So

SHILA MELMAN, AMHERSTBURG, ONT.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR, PLEASE BE SENT TO MACDONALD'S MAGAZINE, Your Place, 461 UNIVERSITY AVE., TORONTO, ONT., CANADA M5W 1A7

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Marquis is as strikingly beautiful inside as it is outside. It's luxurious with low back bench seating, deeply firm padded for extra comfort and trimmed in rich brocade cloth and

vinyl. Underfoot is plush yet long wearing 12 oz. cut-pile carpeting.

There's a long list of standard equipment also which includes a 400 CID V8 engine with solid state ignition, automatic transmission, power front disc brakes, power steering, deluxe wheel covers and steel belted radial ply tires and more.



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HOW WE LEARNED TO STOP WORRYING AND SELL THE BOMB

All sales could be final
BY WALTER STEWART

When India exploded a nuclear device on May 18 using materials and technology gleaned with Canadian aid, our official response was one of outraged surprise, but in fact, most international experts were expecting the blast "The only real surprise," said Dr. Ralph Lopp, the U.S. physical and disarmament advisor, "were that it took the Indians so long to perfect the bomb and that any Canadians were surprised when they did."

Canada's public posture is that India betrayed the spirit, if not the letter, of long-standing agreements when it tested the nuclear club. In fact, an apparent rule is made that it is Canada, not India, that violated international agreements. Canada is a party to the nuclear non-proliferation treaty, which requires us not to help any other country, directly or indirectly, to obtain nuclear weapons. India has consistently refused to sign the NPT, and has repeatedly indicated that it intended to test its own nuclear explosives, with or without our help.

It might be expected that Ottawa, having been over-embarrassed by the misuse of our equipment and technology, will be deeply cautious in the future and will demand stringent safeguards in atomic energy transactions, but in fact, we are reportedly pushing the sale of reactors to such unstable na-

tions as South Korea and Argentina, under sales that some officials at the Atomic Energy Control Board—the body charged with seeing that Canada's atomic materials are not misused—regard as totally inadequate.

"Unless there is strong pressure from Canadian public opinion," warns John McManus, AECB's assistant director of material and equipment control, "we're going to sell Argentina a nuclear under conditions that are completely unsound."

For more than a decade Canada has been serving warnings from its international community and its own experts that India could be using our gift reactor to stockpile ammunition for bombs; these warnings were brushed aside and the Indian explosion took place. Now



despite a public stance of injured innocence, we are doing our best to sell equipment and technology which are likely to expand the nuclear club once more and when in the future of 1980, South Korea or Argentina sets off a bomb of its very own, we will doubtless be enraged anew.

How did we get into this mess?

The short, cynical answer to that question is that there is money to be made in reactor sales. The nearly completed sale to Argentina will bring \$400 million; the partially completed sale to South Korea will bring \$600 million (the latter

represents different-sized tranches). The moral dilemma for those who was won by Henry Mowbray (Dorset) Macdonald in an interview with the *Washington Post* shortly after the Indian explosion: Macdonald put an arms salesman's logic to work on the nuclear dilemma when he said that atomic safeguards were "an insurmountable problem, not a Canadian one." He asked: "After developing a very stable system, should we not sell it internationally?"

Certainly common-sense is a failure in our ability to pass nuclear sales, come what may; but it is not the only factor, and is understood how we came launched in this dubious business it is necessary to retrace the story of Canada's nuclear involvement with In-

NEUT CUSTOMERS: SOUTH KOREA AND ARGENTINA

to was the complaint to the UN. Tang Hydr and recently first secretary of the Pakistan embassy in Washington told me: "After the Indians set off their bomb, I called one of the Canadians I had been complaining to and said 'Well, will you tell me we've been warning you for years?' He said 'We've been far too busy to keep track of every little statement on atomic energy.'"

In October of 1966, India took the public and formal argument before the UN General Assembly that there could be "peaceful" nuclear explosions, a position it repeated in 1967 and 1968 at regarding the NPT. Without going into details, India said atomic blasts could be used for such things as opening up harbors, mining and exploiting petroleum resources.

In February 1968 Robert Winters, then Minister of Trade and Commerce, went to India with a rebuttal that, unlike that nation signed the NPT, Canada would cut off nuclear aid. India ignored the threat, went on affirming its opposition to the NPT and continued to collect aid. News reports suggested that India was stockpiling plutonium to make a bomb, one word. "It has been reliably estimated that Indian scientists could make a bomb within one year." Again there were no reactions from Canada.

In January 1971, when Prime Minister Trudeau stopped in Pakistan on route to the Commonwealth Conference, President Yahya Khan told him personally about his team that India was making bombs with uranium. Trudeau said he was satisfied with the safeguards imposed on India.

In the fallout from that meeting, more news stories appeared. On January 13, 1971, military specialist John Gellies wrote in the *Globe and Mail* that "India has a supply of weapon-grade plutonium which it could use in nuclear weapons." Next day Conservative backbencher Perry Ryatt asked External Affairs Minister Mitchell Sharp "Is the minister in a position to assure the House that India is not producing and has not produced any weapon-grade plutonium?" P.M. 139 since it was supplied with the Canada-India reactor in 1960.

Sharp responded on January 20, saying that yet he could give such an assurance based on the 1956 agreement that CIR would be used only for peaceful purposes (which ignored India's off-handed assertion about "peaceful" explosions). "We have no evidence," said Sharp. "To suggest that the Indian government is not standing firm on the assurance it has given Canada" We had no such evidence because we hadn't looked for ourselves, and had brushed aside the evidence proffered by others.

On September 18, 1971, Indian spokesmen at the Continuing Conference on Disarmament in Washington made it clear that India would contract its own nuclear devices (for "peaceful purposes," of course) and a number of such possible uses were put forward.

Finally, Canada reacted. On October 1, Prime Minister Trudeau sent a private letter to Prime Minister Gandhi of India, which caused the "concern of the Canadian government regarding any further proliferation of nuclear explosive devices." Trudeau said that no nuclear explosion was peaceful and that if India wanted to set off such a blast the NPT provided for it, with the aid of a nuclear power. Mrs. Gandhi was having none of it: she replied on October 12 rejecting the notion that Canada could decide, at this date, the issue of "peaceful" explosions. "The obligations undertaken by our two governments are mutual and they cannot be unilaterally rescinded," she wrote. "In these circumstances, it should not be necessary now, in our view, to interrupt these agreements in a particular way, based on the development of a hypothetical contingency." She ended by pointing out that India had not signed the NPT "which is discriminatory."

Had that exchange been made public, in 1971 all hell would have broken loose. The letters were released after the Indian explosion, with a Canadian explanation that Mr. Gandhi's use of "hypothetical contingency" implied a promise not to set off a bomb but neither the content nor the delivery will support that view. Her letter was a warning that India wanted as part of Canadian reaction and indeed Canada reacted as if we thought a bomb was in the offing. Nuclear aid to India was cut sharply, and the nuclear training program almost snuffed out, up until October 1971, it trained 183 Indians, since then, we have trained eight.

Finally, on May 18, 1974, India set off its bomb and confirmed that it had been made with plutonium recovered from CIR. External Affairs Minister Sharp soon to be replaced, called the explosion "most regrettable."

Some Canadians were surprised — "I may be stupid and naive," wrote Gryn, president of Atomic Energy of Canada Limited, told me. "But I did not expect that bomb." Sharp wrote me: "The only thing that I found strange was the timing," said John McManus of the control board. "After all, there's no trouble with China right now."

"Well, all of that is in the past. 'The important thing,'" said McManus, "has Dr D



G. Hume, president of the control board. 'To not take over the world, but to look ahead, to see what we have learned'."

And what have we learned? Apparently, that there is a strong market for our assistance if we move fast. Canada is trying to deal off CANDU to Iran, South Korea, Denmark, Argentina, Romania, Japan, Mexico and Italy. A number of these nations have refused to ratify the NPT, including South Korea and Argentina, the two with whom deals are almost concluded. They are also two dangerously unstable nations. Argentina is being run by the widow of former dictator Juan Peron, flanked by a clutch of military thugs; it has been a state of turmoil almost constantly since World War II. South Korea's President Park, who has appointed himself to run the nation for life without the crude intervention of elections, faces an increasingly unruly populace, he keeps them down by periodic purges and by constantly invoking the military threat posed by the hated North Koreans just across the border. Park with the bomb is a prospect to assemble the most placid crowd.

When we sell these nations the CANDU, we will meet on safeguards and inspection by the IAEA. But what safeguards? The IAEA rules cover the transfer of nuclear equipment, strictly defined, and materials. This clearly defined, is content for a reactor a nuclear materials, but not the most important ingredient, nuclear technology. It is possible for South Korea to buy a Canadian reactor and use the technology gained with it to build a bomb with equipment sold by someone outside the NPT. Now is the crucial safeguard, a materials accounting system strong enough to prevent diversion of nuclear materials for bomb building. The inspection depends on the good will of the nation involved. As Michael Willich, an American expert, recently said a congressional committee in Washington, "Internationally administered materials accounting cannot prevent a nation from diverting materials. Neither the IAEA nor any other United Nations organ, cannot if security force capable of action to prevent a national government from diversion."

Despite these worries, the Canadian position has not changed: we are out to sell all the reactors we can, our senior official of Atomic Energy of Canada Limited told me. "The Canadian taxpayer has spent all this money and if he can get it back, he deserves it, with the assurance of course, that reasonable steps are taken. . . If we don't sell these reactors, you can be damn sure somebody else will, and maybe under even worse conditions."

But what if they aren't safe? What if other nations choose to build, in bold bombs with our reactors? The official reply: "What the hell more can any country do than call on an agency such as the IAEA to be the one's auditor?"

But if we ourselves have doubts about the IAEA safeguards? "Ah, look, here you get into philosophical arguments."

I suggested this was like a gun salesman knowing the machine gun he sold was likely to be used in a bank robbery, justifying himself by saying that few robbers could carry in the police are in the gun-selling game. The reply once more was that this was a moral issue, not a legal one, and that was that.

This curious argument was further developed by the AEC/L. Kenneth Atomic Energy of Canada's monthly publication, which runs a serious defense of the individual. *The Review* was attacked that the critics made no reference to the supply by the United States of the heavy water for CIR (we had no heavy water in spare when the deal went through). The U.S. had sold reactors to South Korea and Brazil, and tried to bomb in on the Argentine deal, but nobody complains about them. Why not? The *Review* suspects a dark plot, it suggests that what the newspapers are really after is to steer off the Canadian nuclear industry and deny Canada its place in atomic sales.

There is a simpler explanation: Canadians don't seriously hold that because the U.S. does something, that makes it all right. The American record, from Vietnam to Watergate, is not persuasive evidence for allowing the U.S. to set the world's moral tone, if they want to become involved in the insanity of nuclear proliferation, that doesn't mean Canadians should simply follow their norms and follow suit. There is no risk to some alien business sector of the border, there is a second effort — and it involves Americans like Dr. Lapp — to halt nuclear proliferation. But there would be little harm in attacking the U.S. for a course of action pursued by our own government without first repudiating the acceptance at home.

For Canadians, the crucial fact is that we have fed India by the hand into the age of the bomb, now our hand is out to build a dozen other nations out of whom deal, no doubt, that they are as worthy to be insured with the future of mankind as India or Russia or the U.S. How long will it be before someone sets off a bomb in earnest, with our aid? Will there be anyone around there to explain that it wasn't our fault, and to pronounce the whole affair "most regrettable"? ☹

The principality of Gzowski

His Country In The Morning was more than a radio program, it was a bond where grandmothers played Black Jack, separately joined the RCMP and housewives lived through February by studying the nature of doorknobs

BY PETER GZOWSKI

When I grow up I want to be Paul Herbert. Paul Herbert is a theorist and biographer of Sarah Baskin, the Sweet Sensation of Saskatchewan, and the winner of the first Stephen Leacock Award. That's all I knew about him before I got to meet him through the CBC radio program I worked on for three years. *The Country In The Morning* was a bunch of us from this program were talking about how much we enjoyed the deliciously bad poetry Professor Herbert had written years before, and wondering what had become of him. We found him in Ceylon, Manchester, where he has remained after a long career of teaching chemistry at the University of Manitoba. We called him and I talked to him on the air about Sarah and other things. He told me that he'd started to write bad poetry because, as a young academic, he'd found that he didn't have the right kind of small talk for faculty parties. So he copied Sarah and started quoting her — deadpan — to his colleagues.

Sarah grew on him and eventually he put together a "tribunal" book about her and her words. The manuscript made the rounds of a few publishers (being rejected by, among other people, a New York editor who wasn't quite sure what whether Sarah — the mythical writer of deliciously bad poetry of the Canadian Primes — was quite "major" enough to be the subject of a full-length book) until Oxford University Press finally took the poet and brought out his first Canadian masterpiece.

I kind of fell in love with Professor Herbert in my first conversation with him but it wasn't until later that someone told me he had written another book as well. That book is called *Love Is Delusion* and it's a religious work. It is the study of women in search of God and so it is kind of the man I had known as a smartie when his students had known as a charmer, was also one of the wisest and most gentle-minded men I have ever read.

On my way to becoming Paul Herbert, I'd like to be W. O. Mitchell. Bill

Mitchell is the creator of *John And The Kid*, the satirist of the sixties. The *Paradise Press* and before that the book that I think is the best ever written about the Canadian Primes. *Who Men Saw The Wind?* But he chose equanimity. Well, he used to chew them. Now he miffs off. He also shows up phones I remember once morning when he came in to visit the program. He'd seen something on CBC television the night before that had annoyed him and he used a phrase that has stuck permanently in my mind. The program he'd seen had been one of those CBC attempts to do the thing called "It had been," said Bill Mitchell, "mashed nightgown pass." There is no BNP about Bill Mitchell. There are a lot of other people I get to know because of *The Country In The Morning*. There is no way that I can capture everything that program means to me or to the people who make it, who included not only its staff and its own members but its listeners, too. Not can I properly cover such moments as the time I was talking to two men old mist in Fredericton about the love of the traffic had been and I asked them how high a fidelity level could grow. The man to whom I'd asked the question said well, he didn't say anything like that one straight in the eye and he held his hand about a foot above the studio table. He knew how high they grew but did the answer? I loved it.

I think some of it was asked by *The Country In The Morning* worked my answer would be about as elegant as the man who knew the height of fidelity heads. It worked because a lot of people some of whom hated each other and some of whom loved each other (and the permutations was not always constant) cared about it. People in other units around the CBC tried to call in "the faculty," and although the audience was not born in a laughing way — it originated I think about the time of the Marlene Marlene — it was a hard one to ignore. When crew as together was the program, in contrast to some other places I've worked with a tight crew

of common purpose, we spent virtually no time away from the office together. We had no model. I think that was one of the reasons for our success. We weren't the Canadian Equine in the Canadian Movie Gossip Show. We weren't the Canadian Gossip Show or the Canadian Parade. We were *The Country In The Morning* — a radio program of, well, everything — politics, poems, essays, recipes, advice, music, nostalgic concrete slabs, arguments and emotions. Were we trying to keep the country together? People kept asking me that. The best answer I could think of was no. Alex Frantz, the successor producer, once said that to do that a rope would be better than a radio program.

We were, I think, a daily crew. Our mood could be changed by anything from an emotional argument to the weather — by the fact that someone on the program was feeling lonely — which is how, incidentally, we decided one morning in late February to start collecting up signs of spring. Furthermore, we were late or at long what, broad country call — late on time. Whenever we were coming from — and in three years we originated from nearly three dozen places from St. John's to Tokyo, Japan — we had to be on the radio at 9:15 a.m. Atlantic time — or 9:45 a.m. Newfoundland, which is an exception to everything (The world will still at midnight tonight, 12:30 in Newfoundland). What I said (and to the Marlene was) he'd been in Toronto and referendum he'd been in there, he'd been in Winnipeg and so on, so that even one so to speak heard the same thing at the same time.

On one of the few occasions we took advantage of the fact that we could, in fact, not meet live to the Marlene and change it for the rest of the country, we weren't too happy, we'd done so. There was I confess, a difference between the way all of us talked away from the microphone and the way

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I talked on it. I was in private, in fact, I felt more like a third housemate than a literary critic in my broadcast career. I have been playing that house more like a literary critic than a third housemate. About as much as I got on the air was to talk about "daddy do" and at that I was reading a letter. There was one occasion though, when things got out of control.

Three actors were on the show. We'd asked them to come on — this was one of our more profound ideas — and talk about how they'd spent the federal election. One of them used the phrase "the whole history thing." The phrase went live to the Marlene. We thought we might call it on for the rest of the country. So someone made a note of the point seemed as though the phrase had occurred and someone else while we were doing our second hour of news, went down to what the CBC calls Web Big Brotherish cameras, "Master Control" and tried to keep it. Keeping live, involves riding a very refined "tone key." "Tune" is the button that you hit, for example, giving the tone signal. But one of the things you learn if you work in radio is that tape stretches. Forty-seven minutes broadcast to the Marlene may be nearly 48 when it reaches BC. In any case, whether it was sufficient, tape stretch or an error in making the name the producer in Master Control was just a perfect too late. So what the rest of the country heard was not what the artist had said but this: "the whole fucking history thing." Well, I couldn't help wondering about the people who must have said to themselves "Holy Nelly, if they fell in, what on earth did they sleep?"

I don't think I'll ever be Paul Herbert or W. O. Mitchell. I wouldn't like Bill. I do know that the time I spent on *The Country In The Morning* changed me. I don't mean in the magazine article sense of "How Not Saved My Marriage" or "How I Found God By Growing In Stairs." But both publicly and privately I am not the same person Alex Frantz had to hold the CBC's new three-hour morning radio show in 1978. I have certainly changed in my attitudes toward my profession, my country, and myself.

There are, and I think some of this material, passed it, some literature, some brilliant Canadians who have never been paid a cent for what they've written, then there are copies of books sold by some people I once considered as a claim by themselves.

About my country I don't know how to express what I've learned. And "lovely" I don't know. I can't express it again between October 3, 1971, and June 28, 1974. I learned how late I understood of everything.

Coaching scared

The sort of intimidation come easily to Fred Shero, after all, he's been driven by fear most of his life

BY TRENT FRAYNE

Fred Shero has been dealing with fear in many forms all his life and his headlong leap to hockey coach (it has shocked him and the coaches he mentors) the aggressively Flynn of Philadelphia, from nowhere to the Stanley Cup in three years. It has brought him from an unknown worry-wart at 45 to international recognition ascending all the way to Korea in 99. It has made him the highest paid coach in the history of hockey.

Standing behind the bench at the most turbulent and at the same time the most disciplined team in the game just now, Philadelphia Shero displays all the manner of a guy viewing a match full of soldiers. Occasionally he'll move both hands to the flanks of a pair of trench coats—raised shoulders or he'll head to talk quietly to a Flyers player on the bench. He appears calm in command. Would our suspect, looking at him, that he's a guy who finally believes the sky is falling?

What he was a kid in school he used to dress he was going to fail. So he worked twice as hard and always passed with honors. When he played the game (he was in the NHL briefly with the Rangers) he kept dreading the day when he'd be washed up. So he studied hockey the way academics study the market tables, figuring a coaching job might open. Then in 13 years as a minor-league coach, he was afraid he'd never get a shot at coaching an NHL club so he studied some more, tried new things, devised easy schemes to take the benches out of pressure for the players. In his last seven years down there, he finished out five times, second, once, third, once. That record got him his break with the Flyers.

Yet when he finally arrived in 1971 he wanted a new afraid the things that had worked for him were too unorthodox for the big league club. He worried down big league and even with an ace in the hole like the Flyers. He missed the playoffs, had the guys to lose good-bye to his own coach and brought in the

depth that had won for him in the last round. In the next two years, Fred Shero turned the Flyers into the most talked about bumper-bangers in the game, the Bad Squad, the Broad Street Bullets all that. And in the high excitement last spring when they won everything, here, the old-line Rangers—out-lying—the big had, finally, he stood there like a guy watching a comic roll by.

Even now, with the Stanley Cup and a fat and juicy \$100,000 contract for each of the next three years in concrete evidence of his worth, there's still this Mr. Doom-and-Gloom. I talked to him one day at Allan Sherry's hockey school in the Kew-Forest Lake district of outer Ontario where he worked with kids for two weeks in August. "There must be something more to life than hockey," he said then. In fact, he said, "I look around and I see heavy men, purple I went to school with, contributing to society in important ways. A friend of mine is a chief surgeon on the west coast and another is a defense attorney. I was sadder than they were in school and look what they've done and what I'm doing. I feel maybe I could have been the same thing and I wonder sometimes what the hell I'm doing in hockey." Typically, struggling to counter his doubts what he's done is seems to an extension comes in line at Chicago's La Salle University, he goes against whatever choice may look ahead.

But fear is also a tool of the hockey coach that Shero knows how to turn to advantage, and a his played it big part in the success of the Broad Street Flyers. It is in the most, particularly in hockey history, combine tough, intelligent and loaded with eager fighters Shero denies he's ever assumed a player to pick a fight but he knows the Bullets were the hell out of a lot of teams just by showing up. His son Dave Schell has become a folk hero because of the confidence times he's managed somebody Shero is aware of Schell's impact and if he's ever spelled out in specific terms, there's no question

Schell has brought the message.

"This message is a big part of the game," Shero says. "A lot of guys would be better off if they'd fight but they're afraid. If there's doing some they look just great and they score a lot of goals against the guy means that is right in the tough games, they freeze. There are guys who risk into corners determined to come out with the puck. On the other hand, there are guys who always make sure they're late arriving in the corners. We don't have any of that second kind."

Shero has been given a lot of credit as the thinking man's coach since he turned his post game into championships because, except for goaltender Bruce Poirier and goalie Bobbie Clarke, his roster is made up of half of former college stars. Though largely anonymous outside Philadelphia, the real play an aggressive organized style, staying in position, forechecking in an orderly rather than haphazard way, covering their checks, keeping their puck control unbroken, passing the puck accurately, in short, ensuring the fundamental of the game with a minimum of error. The player Shero has drilled as than the discipline to perform than basic tasks and he overcomes the fundamental concepts with often inspired and occasionally brilliant innovations.

Consider for instance two of the most widely accepted and broadly employed facets of the game, the slapshot and the tactic of shooting the puck from the center and line into the opposing team's zone. On the Flyers, they're not allowed. Well, "not allowed" is a little heavy on the Flyers, very little is not allowed but they are discouraged.

"The slapshot is ridiculous," Shero says. "Once a guy makes up his mind to shoot he can't change it, if somebody gets into better position, it's too late. Winding up takes time too, so the shot's often blocked or deflected. Also, who can control it?"

He adheres the idea of shooting the puck in. "All you're doing is giving it away," he says. "Why should you give the other team the puck?"



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Shero told his team to give Orr the puck

But once he did decide going away for the puck, in fact, it was his own idea and it was an inspired one. Last spring before the Boston final, he and his right arm Mike Nykoluk, the assistant coach, were struggling for strategy that would nullify the effectiveness of Bobby Orr and Phil Esposito. They spent hours analyzing films of their games with the Bruins and of the Team Canada-Russia series.

"We're a hitting team but we've always made the mistake of watching Orr and Esposito to uncatchables. So they'd been killing us all season, especially Orr. The referees think that Orr is God. He's not God. We had to stop worrying him like God. I remember when Flores and Rocket Richard and Bobby Hull were in that league, they had to own their way. Everybody went after them, but nobody gave after Orr."

So Shero instructed his players to give the puck to Orr to dump it into the corner on his side of the rink, forcing him to go back and retrieve it. There instead of one man going in to check Orr, Shero had his forwards swing in from the rear. Forcing Orr behind a compelling him to pick his way toward center in slow moving rooms with one or the other of the forwards always getting a little piece of him.

"The idea was to make Orr work harder than he normally has to work, to tire him if we could." And of course the tactic worked.

Against Esposito and his towering line mates Wayne Cashman and Ken Hodge, physically the most powerful line in the game, Shero refused to send out a puny checking line to try to contain them. "We'd sometimes make three line changes against their single shift."

Shero had another reason for not assigning a disgruntled checker to hawk Esposito. "When you break up your lines or shuffle them to contain one man you're playing in fear," he says. "You're providing an out for not winning. The hell with that."

A surprising thing about Shero, nobody inside him. There's practically no head of it, hockey, where even Stanley Cup coaches are got down as dandruff-lucky enough to be assigned to prisons. But with Shero it's all heart and flowers. He lives with the game, never ducks a challenge, always means, calm, and the referees respond passively to him. Refs coaches understandably are able to contain their enthusiasm but they give him marks. "He didn't make any mistakes," Punch Imlach, Buffalo Sabres' general manager, says of Shero's work in the

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PARDINE! I CONVINCI

«Ma non diventa il grande uro?»



Triple Crown Canadian Whisky by Gilbey

"All my life I've been fighting the establishment," Shero said, "You have to. If you let them run the team you can't win."

But now everything's that damned stupid. We can't acknowledge as well, we can't take the puck in, we can't make an explosive in with our feet in well, and mostly it's because the entire red line has made everybody hurt."

Shero is the only NHL coach who has ridden the Russian script. The truth is, he has taken them seriously since 1946. Then, coaching in St. Paul, he coached a team of touring Soviet teenagers coached by the now universally renowned Anatoli Tatarov and was assisted by the things the kids could do. In 1973 when the Russians landed at Montreal Shero watched them in every workout; his team can only emulate the Russian practices most of them even emulated Montreal.

He has incorporated Tatarov's innovations into Flyers practices. He has three-on-one drills in which the forwards manipulate three pucks passing and receiving them in his skate ("It makes them think"). He has defensive play forward and forward play defense drills which will appreciate the other's problems. He puts wingers on the wing ends and centers on the wings so that all will learn to make and take passes better. Sometimes he'll show 40 pucks on the ice so that everybody can pick out "So he's played," he says, "practice were a drag, the same old sameness, the same old routine every day. Sometimes you'd go two weeks without scoring, even in practice. That's ridiculous. Everybody also plays hockey, even to score."

One day in Philadelphia I asked Shero about the reluctance of coaches to shed ideas or to adopt the better elements of Russian hockey. A lot of them are afraid of their jobs," he said. "They don't want management to think they don't know it all." It was a hot day and he was driving into town from a rink in Villanova on the western outskirts where he'd been supervising youngsters at a hockey school. He spent his whole summer, apart from the three weeks at Russia at hockey schools.

"Everybody thought I was nuts when I brought in Mike Nikolic as an assistant coach," he said, looking the fan. But he had given him "That's ridiculous, if he can take my job, okay, I just want his help. I'm the only coach in the NHL who has four eyes. The rest have only two because they're afraid to tell the boys they need help. And then the editors. All my life I've been fighting the establishment. You have to, so, so, so. If you let them run the team you can't win. Only the coach runs it. I didn't teach

management my first year but now I'm not afraid to tell them and they're not afraid to tell me. We talk openly on any subject."

The subject they discussed at length during this period was Shero's future. He had a glowing offer from the Minnesota Fighting Stars and though he wanted to stay in Philly, he was prepared to jump to the WHA club if he didn't get a commitment offer from Edward M. Snider, the Flyers chairman. "It's bloody nice people realized the coach is an important factor in any club's success. Unpaid kids from the minors have been getting enormous salaries and we've been treated like poor relations like dumbbells. Are we dumbbells? We are if we're still far in." So Shero hung tough, hired a lawyer to negotiate for him, and was rewarded with his increased salary, perhaps once as much annually as any other coach in hockey.

In Winnipeg where Shero grew up, people who know him remember him as a modest quiet player. "He was a tough but not a brawler," says a friend, "Bill Muskego, a fellow Winnipegger and former Chicago Black Hawks star. "If somebody tried to push him around, look out."

That was 12 Shero had but four days in hockey. Their parents sent in Canada from Russia in 1940. The family name was Schersch. When Alex Schersch enlisted in the Canadian army in 1945 he simplified the name to Shero. He has naturalization papers upped in Shero so Alex made it Shero. It didn't matter. Vic is the only member of the family still living in Winnipeg. Vic remembers that their father a targeteer, could find anything—warring, gambling he could even find. They had a huge garden. They owned a large vacation home from the city for a dollar and named all the vegetables the family could eat through the long Manitoba winter. He was of school every year in May to help him with his carpentry. One summer Freddie built a two-story frame-and-concrete home on Prichard Avenue for his parents not far from their old place. The house is still there, 1372 Prichard.

Vic Shero and his wife live in Winnipeg's center suburbs now. Thinking back he remembers a musical household on Prichard. The family couldn't afford more lessons but they learned to play the mandolin or guitar or violin from instruction books.

"Fred played the violin," Vic recalls. "He was a very quiet boy. He stuck to himself. He read a lot and he was con-

olly good in sports. That's where he let himself out a point. He played quarterback for the Isaac Stern school football team, the city champion school boy played hockey, and soccer and baseball, and he could box, too. He and my older brother Jack boxed at the Green Exchange club."

Fred went away to play hockey with the old New Haven, a Rutgers farm club in October of 1940 before he turned 18, lured by the Rutgers offer of \$40 a week. Then he joined the Royal Canadian Navy. When he was ended he returned to the Rutgers but he was never allowed to do anything in anything if he didn't broaden his education. He used a various grant to enroll in summer school at the University of Minnesota and took extension courses when he went away to play hockey. The last two years toward a BA that was. Studying history and English he was tutored by Dr. Danovsky and Shakespeare and read them voraciously.

The Rutgers look him into the NHL as a defenseman in 1947 but a back injury ended his big-league career two and one-half years later. He had a crushed disc in his vertebrae which he had refused to reveal for fear he'd lose his place on the roster. He went back to the minors in 1950 but finally he couldn't handle the pain and he turned to Frank Selke, then the managing director of the Canadiens, who hired him to run a farm club at Shawinigan Falls. There he met his black-haired, red-haired wife, Marlene, and they spent the next 15 years in Shawinigan, St. Paul, Buffalo and Omaha. They have two sons, Jean-Paul and Robert, who now call themselves John and Ray. "They were born in Shawinigan," says Shero. "I figured they'd be raised there."

Instead, home for the Sheros is now Cherry Hill, across the Delaware River from Philadelphia in New Jersey. Chances are they'll be there forever. Fred could shake the notion that even well yet overcome him. When Flyers chairman Ed Snider presented his record contract he wanted to make it for the years. Shero turned down an extra \$100,000 and insisted it be for only three.

Why? "Well," says the most revolutionary coach in hockey, fingering a new Fu Manchu moustache, "a coach has to be under pressure. It makes him work harder. Who knows what could happen in five years?"

Of course. A guy might get the measles he's made it. ☐



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December 25th rolls around pretty fast so now's the time to take the time to look at Timex. Good timing.

TIMEX.

Diary of a quiet diplomat

The affairs of state and the state of affairs — including the one with the dumb ballerina

BY CHARLES RITCHIE

Until he retired, recently, Charles Ritchie, who served twice as Canada's High Commissioner in the United Kingdom and as Ambassador to Washington, was one of our most distinguished representatives abroad. Over nearly the quarter-century span of his career, he kept a diary of his personal response to the political and diplomatic events he was happening around him, to the men and women he met.

In wartime England, Ritchie, as Second Secretary in the Canadian High Commission, served as personal secretary to Winston Churchill, whose second-in-command was Lord Beaverbrook. As both an understudy and confidant, Ritchie in his diary captures the human interest side of pre-war Washington, wartime London and the UN charter conference in San Francisco.

The excerpts printed here are from *The Silent Years: A Canadian Diplomat Abroad* which is being published this month by the Macmillan Company of Canada.

July 1, 1937 — Washington: The Canadian Legation is housed in the former home of a millionaire, one of the palaces in such varied architectural styles that line Massachusetts Avenue. The legation is both office and also the residence of the Minister, Sir Herbert Martin, and his wife. Sir Herbert is an impressively preserved specimen of old-fashioned Anglo-Saxon masculinity. He looks like a painstakingly posed portrait of himself painted by him in a bathroom. He is not a quick-witted man — indeed one of my fellow Canadians at the legation says that he is "very slow on the end up." Nevertheless he has acquired a handsome fortune and his successful career has been crowned with the diplomatic posts of Tokyo and Washington and with a knighthood.

The Martins are quite strong on the use of the word "Efficiency." Once when they were leaving the Legation with their small son I heard Sir Herbert say to the chauffeur, "This Little Efficiency will sit in the front with you."

September 12, 1938: I had my first taste of Hitler's style (and I heard the broadcast of his rapidly awoken speech at Nuremberg dealing with Czech activities. He is certainly remarkable for his oratorical talent. I listened, for nearly an hour to him speaking in German, with brief interpretive inter-

polations. At the end of that some my nerves were jumping so that I could hardly sit still. This was not because of the subject with its implied danger of war — it was that voice! Those whiplash words those so-called "blows of speech." What a technique! The Germans get their money's worth alright — the long drawn sentences with the piled



Sir Herbert Martin, our ambassador to the U.S. He was "born, grew the neck up."

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Chamberlain spoke of the disappearance of Czechoslovakia like a Birmingham solicitor winding up an estate

My classes upon classes and the nerves are quivering — shoulders of hush and fear and exhalation going through the audience. But every good story must have a point and the point of Hitler's story is the outbreak of war. Interestingly every lecture begins to get to this point: I heard an American woman say today, "I couldn't sleep a wink last night after reading the papers and listening to the broadcasts. I was so worried about this war scare." How much anticipation. Do you suppose we stand up with this grave face?

December 15, 1938 I am to be posted to London to the High Commissioner's office, leaving next month. I have loved Washington — the beautiful city itself. I have made friends here, friends made in this happy attitude who may last a lifetime. I feel a strong tie of affection to this country and these people, yet I know that it is time to go.

March 15, 1939 — London. Went to the House of Commons. Prime Minister Neville Chamberlain spoke of the disappearance of Czechoslovakia like a Birmingham solicitor winding up an estate. Anthony Eden (Foreign and later, Foreign Secretary) was moving — even elegant. I wish I could get rid of the haunting impression that he is still an underdog, looking down from my place in the gallery in the House of Commons on the powdered old girl of a house of young Commonwealth MPs who were laughing below. I reflected on the excessive attraction that style exerts over my imagination. I would not like to be on the opposite side of the fence from beauty so elegant, however extravagant and vulgar the ideas inside those sleek heads.

The mental weakness of the government's foreign policy lies in the fact that they talk the language of trust while arriving at the worst. If Chamberlain believed in Hitler's good faith we would not need our big guns. Chamberlain, if he used phrases, might have said, "Czechoslovakia is not worth the bones of a British Tommy." That is what he meant and most Englishmen agree with him. They do not think of the casualty, "England is not worth the bones of an American or Canadian soldier." They know that while the second proposition may seem as sensible as the first it is not true politically.

May 16, 1939 I said to Miss Pearson (then First Secretary at the Canadian High Commission) today, "Well, we are out of danger of war for the time being." "Do not be too sure," he said. "If the Germans attack the Corridor"

Poland will fight and so will France and then we shall be in "One of the few independent nations in recent French foreign policy has been the guarantee to Poland to fight if the Germans seize Danzig and their demands pressure to send army divisions. These assurances were given only four days ago. They may not keep their word if the British refuse to promise their support. Plainly the British attitude toward the threat to Poland is the most important question of the moment. I cannot believe that this country will go to war for the Polish Corridor. Therefore, I think the French will probably desert their Polish allies."

July 15, 1939 To the House of Commons where Chamberlain made his statement of support for Poland over Danzig. It was in so rapid a tone, delivered in such a mechanical manner and

concerned in such alarm that one felt chilled. The German Ambassador must have felt relieved — the Poles disappointed.

September 2, 1939 As seen in the evening Vincent Massey (High Commissioner for Canada) came back from the House of Commons. By then there was a blackout. Those at least of us gathered in his large office, its walls marked where the oil paintings had been removed to safety, its windows curtained. Mr. Massey stood under the vast chandelier. He was excited — emotional or too nervous. "We shall be at war sometime tonight" (Britain and France declared war on Germany September 3, 1939).

September 6, 1939 Is this becoming an aircraft? That first thing sound — is it a siren? Our ears have been sharp-



Neville Chamberlain: an elegance of style contrasting great moral confusion.

"It's a little bit British.
It's a little bit of an island in the sun."

and a person on the beach, the fourth went to the water.

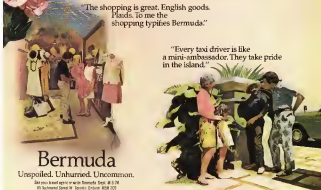


"It's also a little bit close
to where we live."

"The people here love children. Traveling
with them is a great ice-breaker."

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Massey exercised a censorship over anything even mildly critical of the English

and. Was there a time when we did not carry gas masks? Only a few days ago.

The finer Athenian has been sunk by the Germans. The shrewd wickered folly of those surely unwarlike people being deprived. The war has a quality that no other had. We do not approach it with our former innocence. We are in cold blood separating a folly which belongs to the youth of mankind. We are driven to it by the force of these human shipwrecks, human and other which we have been unable in the last 20 years to overcome.

We arrive at three in the morning to seem I go for my overcoat, my gas mask, my shoes and scramble through the French window into the garden where the other inhabitants of this boardinghouse are already in the shelter. They are making jokes and making with sleepy or nervous responses from their neighbors. The cook says, "We shall be used to this in 10 years." Then she goes off to the kitchen and comes back with a tray of tea. I get bored with the shelter and come up for air in the quiet garden.

September 15, 1939. Weekend with the Massey. Mike Pearson was there. He went to a magnificent last night and says there was a crowd of RAF ships all

having a good time pretending to be tight, pretending to fight over the girls. But this was fine and as it should be. But he was disgusted by a group of middle-aged men, members of the last war back in uniform again, saying the old songs of the last war, trying to fancy themselves heroes to the nightclubs, to the young, trying to get back the glamour of their own youth. Certainly one war generation should be allowed to die off before another war is started.

March 13, 1940. Mr. Massey wanted me to include in my dispatch something to contradict the illusion that England is a class-ridden society. Why should? He says that the majority of civil servants did not go to public schools. This may be true of the obscure clerks but it obviously not true of the men in the top.

April 26, 1940. Mr. Massey has said to me that he would not like to think that the National Archives contained an account from the point of view of the country during the present war in history. I quite agree, but how is it to report anything when he exercises a censorship over everything that could be considered critical of England? He fears that anything critical might weaken the



In Vincent Massey's view, Winston Churchill was a man who "had no judgment."

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"What are tarts?" my new girl asked

purpose of our people at home. But we are in too deep to get out and surely our people here the right to know what is going on and to read things which, if they were over here, they would hear from half the Englishmen they met in clubs. He has an unenviable opportunity to compile a secret history of the conduct of the war — to illustrate it with actual anecdotes and personal impressions of men. But he is too patriotic ever to publish anything that could be considered unkind and what is worse he is too blinded by wishful thinking ever to fire the conclusions, even when he is alone with his confidential diary before him. Some day he will publish his memoirs. He has been looking forward to doing so, but they will be composed at the point he lives best — that of a French landing attack. It is a pity because he has in conversation the vivacity of pleasure to produce a novel, if superficial account of the London scene. After his conversion is too much for him.

May 26, 1940. I could hear the gasp plainly enough at 8 pm sitting in the club library — I suppose at the north of the Thames. Natalie Hoggins that last weekend she sat in the garden at her place in Kent and could hear the gunfire from France all afternoon long.

The Canadians here are becoming disillusioned about the English. Mike Pearson says, "Never have I been so glad to be a Canadian as at these last days — at least we are not responsible for this mess."

September 14, 1940. My new girl is a ballet dancer. She is an American girl who studied ballet in Paris and is now dancing with a Polish company in London. She seems very dumb. We were walking along Victoria Street the other day and by way of conversation I said, "This is a great street for tarts."

"What are tarts?"

I nearly fell flat on my face in the street and that I explained it was an English term for prostitutes. She clucked her tongue disapprovingly. Sometimes she seems almost half-witted. She looks exactly like all ballet dancers. She has ivory pale skin and a hard body like an athlete boy. The extraordinary thing about her is her eyes which are enormous — the eyes of a tragedy queen.

September 16, 1940. It has come to a place where none of us can be sure that we shall meet each other for next day and we begin to look for a gap in the party.

I went to the lunch-time ballet. It was wonderful to see Les Sylphides and the



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The English hate being rescued by the Americans. They know they must swallow it, but God how it sticks in their throats

immediate attention (that were in each movement and step). The performance was a masterpiece of an art compared with the noisy, accidental working of lots of high engineers. Another standard was the only ones that stood up in these times. They sat not moved up with the current political-moral mood — not motivated by Hitler nor by the Archbishop of Canterbury — not motivated by either, although the line knows enough of them to hate them. In this world there is a full escape — not away from reality — but back to reality.

Then is one of those things right to do which I find a complete immunity from fear. I put a down to brandy — a blessed drink which the war has made me discover. I walked home down St. James's Street under a brilliant moon to the usual collection of pinks. There were autumn leaves thick on the street, leaves on the pavement of St. James's Street. It is like the fall of Rome! These mean symptoms of dissolution make one sad. No tears anywhere. If I had met one I should have been compelled to go home with her.

January 18, 1941: The ballroom was rather sweet really. We had beautiful in the Mayfair Hotel — rubies of bacon and great cups of American coffee. She did look beautiful this morning.

Symptoms of Sexual Happiness: 1. I look at people men and women, from the physical point of view, not by class but taste but to terms of the times. Which ones are out of the stream of sex? (How easy it is to see that!) And why? 2. I am temporarily cured of my mania for seeing things in a straight line. I admit and enjoy confusion. The relief is enormous. 3. Fear no longer seems to be slipping away from me. I am happy to spend it carefully. 4. Other people do not seem worth the usual effort. I cannot help treating them casually, often interrupting them and not listening to what they say. 5. I definitely am very much less amusing. The ballroom leaves today with the ballroom company on me. I am looking forward to early and varied stimulation during her absence.

April 1, 1941: The Queen came to tea with the Mayhews the other day. I was fed in with the other roommates — we sat down in front of a dining fire in a circle around her. She sat very upright and talked to us in her society-mannered gentle voice. Yes, the Queen is there all right, like him there!

To see that familiar postage stamp face, those features of the human known to millions, that made that movie star

men to tears, and what is behind it all? Realizing, however, that she was tired by the time she got to us but the timing of her departure, the inherent courtesy of her going, the fleet regret that someone things made it necessary for us to go on talking forever to these roommates at Canada House. It was a perfect performance.

April 26, 1941: How the English hate being rescued by the Americans. They know they must swallow it, but God how it sticks in their throats. The Americans are obviously justified in their sympathy of the English and the English I think are justified in their belief that they are superior to the Americans. They have still the modern machine and self-discipline that make for a ruling race, but what will these qualities avail them if the tale of history and con-

science has moved against them? How will the noble, generous, imaginative, spoiled and imperial American manage any population in the after-war world? With the Americans more than with most people nothing interests like success.

September 2, 1941: The first time I saw Elizabeth Bowen [British novelist] I thought she looked more like a bridge player than a poet. Yet without having read a word of her writing would not one have felt that something mysterious, passionate and great was behind that worldly exterior?

September 26, 1941: "Take it from one of the best living novelists that people's personalities are not interesting." Elizabeth and I in a dry voice, "except," she added, "when you are in love with them."



Miles Purdon was later there would be a war about four months before it started.



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Massey's charm springs from his insecurity.
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October 23, 1941: I should like to have seen the Masseys enjoying the [Soviet] film. When I came here two and a half years ago there was no more devoted adherent of Chamberlain than Mr. Massey. Churchill, of course, is these days "bad and no judgment." I could never get Mr. Massey to accept an invitation to Soviet Ambassadors' Massey's ("I feel uncomfortable with that little man") but the Masseys have followed the English ruling class in the most spectacular manner in all recorded history and never have they felt consciously ashamed except perhaps now they do find their conversion to the USSR a little — shall we say — sudden.

March 7, 1942: For some time now I seem to be getting more and more greedy about food. It may be partly due to having considerably less to eat, but the way I would my food at the Masseys tonight was rather too much. What a curious and fascinating character Mr. Massey has — that blend of asceticism and superficiality. He has enormous susceptibility to the most phony forms of charm. What he lives in life is alien to him — the pleasant surface style. He is a speaking person, because behind his

London Times leading article official version and his carefully polished manner there lurks an inner juxtaposition of things as they are and of himself as he is. When he has a decision to make — disappointingly — he always decides in favor of the conventional. His charm is remarkable. It springs in charm to often does, from his own insecurity. He is painfully easy to hurt or ruffle and full of guilelessness for the feelings of others if he happens to like them. If not, he is ruthless.

May 24, 1942: A perfect May day Elizabeth and I went to New. It is hardly worth my while to describe the scene or dwell upon the dramatic state in which we drifted among remnants of rheumatism and vodka. It was a day like a page from one of her books, the involved relationship between the two people who are wandering among the flower beds.

September 34, 1942: I have a new feeling about my fellow Canadians — a feeling that there is good material among the young — alcoholism, energy, practical ability which somehow never gets a chance to express itself in the public life of the country. I feel that if we can break the crust we lay on could



Peter Massey: a curious and fascinating blend of asceticism and superficiality

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I had lunch with Mackenzie King and I was charmed by the fat little conjurer with the flickering, shifty eyes

asked Canada a much better country to live in. What is stirring us in the system — social, economic and political.

May 7, 1944 Lunched with Mackenzie King in the downtown grill on the first. There were just eight of us at the table with portable light. It was odd sitting in a room so far from the sunlight and wind. We talked as we did when we first got to know each other. It was one of those times which we shall both remember afterward and say to each other: "That fine, windy Sunday in spring when we lunched underground in the Rue".

December 31, 1944 After the war the most we can aim at is a breathing space which, if we are lucky, might last a generation. It is a delusion to talk of permanent peace. The only new element in the permanent peace situation is the technical one. As weapons become so much more destructive there is the possibility that the human race may neither the more deadly ones and carry on its struggle by common agreement with the less destructive. This would seem an oddly optimistic but for one fact — that in this war gas has not been used even by a single.

April 21, 1945 On the train en route to San Francisco (for the preliminary meetings of what became the United Nations) Lunched with Mackenzie King and was charmed by the fat little conjurer with his flickering, shifty eyes and applied smile. His last eyes that can look like grey stones or can close with assurance or flin with sentiment. He chose every occasion — he seems very pleased with himself — delightfully so, pleased with his own cleverness and his own survival. He talked of the "form" of parliamentary action which cannot be added regrettably, he so freely indulged in one of his. I created him by remarking that our topic must be thoroughly tried by now. He replied: "They have had two months' rest" (where I should like to know) and said, "I know during the permanent crisis that they were due for that rest but this I could not reveal".

Talking of Mackenzie he said, "A remarkably fairly shaped head — the head of a Caesar — deep-set eyes full of intelligence. He did a lot of good — cleaned up a lot of corruption, but he had too much power for too long. They worship false gods in Europe — that is the trouble — Europe is too full of purges of Napoleon and statues of the Caesars."

(On May 8, 1945 — VE Day — peace finally came to Europe.)

June 15, 1945 Last week I saw an ad-

vertisement in one of the San Francisco newspapers which described the attractions of "a historic old ranch house now transformed into a luxury hotel situated in a beautiful valley in easy reach of San Francisco." What a delightful escape, I thought, from the pressures of the unemployment. Why not spend the weekend there? I succeeded in talking my colleagues — Norman Robertson (of External Affairs) and Hume Wrong (Canadian diplomat) and Jean Dely, the Canadian ambassador on Latin American affairs, into this project and our party was joined by a friend of Jean Dely, the French Ambassador, a senior and distinguished diplomat attached to the French delegation.

Last Saturday we all set forth by car in a holiday spirit to enjoy the delights of old-style ranch life in California as

advertised to include "governmental horseback riding and stunts in an exclusive atmosphere." As we approached in the late afternoon on the long avenue, we saw the ranch house set amidst a border of trees but when we debouched at the entrance instead of the subdued welcome of a luxury hotel we were begrüted by a smiling group of men in white and dark-blue uniforms toward a waiting cottage which opened to admit us not by one or two steps in advance for the grand of our stay. There is the entrance hall we found ourselves in the midst of an amused crowd but what was unexpected was that all the men were older and young women at that while the women were equally young and were strikingly American. This throng, exclaiming jokes, playful slaps on backs and snags out of beer bot-



Mackenzie King: a man delightfully pleased with his own cleverness and survival



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3 Legend traces the genealogy of New Zealand's Maori people to the seven canoes of the Great Migration from the Society Islands in 1350 A.D. Today, there are over 250,000 Maori citizens in New Zealand. InRotorua, visitors enjoy Maori concerts, loans of model villages, and watching wood carvings take shape.

4 Like Rome, the city of Dunedin is built on seven hills. But the similarity ends there. Originally settled by the Free Church of Scotland, the entire city has a Scottish accent! During Festival Week, visitors can hear flower shows and pipe bands parade down the main street.

5 Milford Sound is just one of the beautiful sights in New Zealand's Fiordland National Park. Much of the park remains unspoiled. It is no wonder. This mountainous land of unspoiled forests, fjords, sounds and waterfalls covers over 1,200,000 acres.



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In praise of moderation

So Francis of Assisi would leave Canada in a month
But so would Adolf Hitler

BY GEORGE JONAS

People who know little find it difficult to appreciate the Canada I know. These people find it difficult. First, because people learned in nothing but correct piety and dancing in bloodless science along the surface of history, politics, geography and human nature. And it is difficult to appreciate it because my Canada is a disavowed periphery country in an absolutely imperfect world.

Especially talented people find it difficult to appreciate my Canada. Very anxious people find it difficult. Highly sensitive people, barely aware of nature's apocalyptic and human misery, the phenomena of a utopia and the possibilities of excellence in human thought and culture find it difficult to appreciate it. Because the Canada I know is a blundered flower country in a world that desperately projects the image of perfection.

There is nothing contradictory here, nothing mutually exclusive. In the music of logic these two statements flow much closer with some degree of intensity. Canada is a balance achieved by shedding an equal amount of the top and bottom extremes of the human condition. St. Francis of Assisi and Adolf Hitler would both leave this country within a month. The splendor of the Taj Mahal and the splendor of a village in East Bengal are equally unknown here. We have no Statue of Chapel and no St. John's.

Of course, Canada may yet catch up with the unkind and unkind world. We may yet have a mutual desire in Ottawa to equal the Abbey in Dublin, and none in Montreal to equal anything we have seen in Berlin. We may yet have a strong and independent publishing industry and federal labor camps in the north for Canadian residents of American descent. And in one this sense (perhaps) in as much as the mass relocation of native Canadians of Japanese extraction during the war. Our possibilities for gaining out of our ancient backwardness of history and into the mainstream of the 20th century are indeed infinite.

Having never been widely esteemed of the mainstream of the 20th (or any other) century, the prospect does not sit well with me. I feel that in her quiet and unimpeachable way, Canada has done pretty well. However, she has done pretty well not only for herself and her own citizens but for the world, which today must take over a few thousands of relative sanity. Traditional Canada, the Canada of Protestant work ethic, of the post-bourgeois values, of Anglo-Saxon supremacy, of considerable equity and right, has conducted herself with remarkable restraint, patience and understanding. I only hope that her socialists, reformers and eventual successors can conduct themselves with half as much tolerance when they are faced with the historical prospect of a fundamental and inevitable change. And I predict that they will be able to do this only if they have managed to incorporate into their basic new reality some of the values of traditional Canada.

The act of life is compromise, the method of life is accommodation. Compromise and accommodation — neither that surrender or fighting to the bitter end — have been characteristic of Canadian social and political thought so as to include the greatest city. As a result, a society has emerged that, without pretending to have solved the philosophical problems of social inequality, poverty or the economically underdeveloped, has nevertheless achieved second only to the United States and, lately, Sweden, the highest potential standard of living anywhere in the known world past or present. A society has emerged that without pretending to have solved the intricacies of parliamentary democracy, allows for its citizens a high degree of participation in the business of its government. A society has emerged that without claiming to have reached all constitutional objectives in the confining rights and interests of the political system, respects all natural groups of which it consists, still provides justice and protection, as well

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Waxing lyrical over an imperfect country

as freedom of thought, speech and action as much as state that any other country and any political system in the history of mankind.

Known for waxing lyrical over the political system and social conditions of a country that has been known to mount no industry, has involved in the fall of 1970 a piece of legislation called the War Measures Act, and has right now a disturbingly high degree of unemployment and consequent poverty in the midst of a free-closed and often artificially reduced affluence of 400 million cars, expensive and self-governing color television sets. I am actually singing the praises of a country that has been selling its natural resources along with much of its economic and political independence to — well not just any old foreign country, but to America, the home of those ugly loanmodified people who are addicted to chicken, sherry and middle-class virtues and indulgence in the politeness of false and perfect independence of thought, negotiation, as their leader, I'm being laudatory about Canada — Canada that until recently did nothing for its writers and poets, dancers and poets, and still has no national feature film industry in spite of being one of the richest countries in the world.

I think I have good reason. A glance at the map tells me that Canada is situated immediately north of the United States along a border of several thousand miles, a glance in the calendar tells me that it is the year 1974. These two points of information, rather easily available to anyone, seem to provide me with some irrefragable arguments. I think that in 1974 (and too far the first time in history, either the world is split into two camps, I am not thinking of the Communist camp and the capitalist camp, or the camp of the white world and the nonwhite world, or the technological world and the world of the Third Consciousness. I am thinking of the people who believe they have all the answers and the people who don't).

The people who have all the answers are in many ways, slogans and colors. Their answers may be contradictory but they have one thing in common: they believe truth has been revealed to them and they are ready to bury anyone who doesn't accept it immediately, fully without doubt and without hesitation. They believe that all the complex problems of the world — poverty, exploration, ignorance, competitiveness, pollution, war, aging or unrequited love — can be reduced to a single cause and

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This country has the courage of its doubts

they know what that cause is. That cause is capitalism. That cause is Communism. That cause is the whole damn. That cause is all these long-haired friends. That cause is the pigs.

On the other side there are people whose thinking has not led them to such explosive results. They don't feel they know all the answers. They don't know the line cause of all the world's problems, and they suspect that there are probably many causes. They work hard at trying to cure as many ills as they can but they don't claim to be world doctors or magicians. They claim to make mistakes, sometimes twenty horrible ones, when they may not only pull the wrong knob but cut off the wrong leg. But at least in such cases they assume responsibility instead of blaming the patient for having misdiagnosed the symptoms from one leg to the other, or a hysterical for having given them the evil eye. They can face responsibility more easily because they have not claimed infallibility in the first place. These people try to live in an open society, offering freedom of ideas, taking fewer things for granted, having fewer sacred cows and far fewer concentration camps. Such people attempt to create societies that imitate nature's capacity for change and self-regulation, instead of artificial, overgrown mechanical structures that function only in a single direction and for a single purpose without taking into account the multiplicity and flexibility of life. They try to consider the majority as well as the minority, the healthy as well as the sick, the strong and weak, as well as the weak and more. They don't quite believe they have the right to persecute the happiness of one group as intrinsically more valuable than that of the other, and instead of suppressing the complexity of existence try to find sometimes without success reconciliation and harmony.

This indeed is the voice of human community with which any sympathizer, be it said in the type of community Canada has been for some time. It is a community that may have the courage of its convictions but, far more importantly, also has the courage of its doubts. It is a community that is ready to change but does not take kindly to being pushed. It is a community that accepts compromise but has no fear of surrendering to no one.

Canada has accepted the reality of the pressure of a superpower on her immediate proximity along the 49th parallel. Instead of beating her head against a geographical stone wall she has tried to make the best of it. Not has she been

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Canada has behaved with dignity, wisdom

completely unsuccessful if we consider that her choice with the United States has helped her win complete independence from Great Britain in the last few decades. It has raised the standard of living of her citizens, and for the present at least it has given her political and military security so absolute that she could possibly have provided. It is quite true that Canada had to give a great deal in return, but the United States has never claimed to be a charitable institution.

At the same time Canada made her debt, the world in general, and the United States in particular, were considerably different from what they seem to be today. Perhaps the deal is not really as advantageous as anyone, and it may be time to pull out of it. Perhaps we have sold more than we could comfortably afford, and perhaps it is a matter of changing values: an American dollar is no longer far exchange for a gallon of instant rice, or even a corner of cultural identity. If so, as long as we retain our common sense, diversity and flexibility none of our debts are insurmountable.

Now Canada is a liberal country. Now it may be perfectly natural that, from time to time, the colours of the world become impregnated with the slow progress of liberalism and begin to lose their extreme substance. It may be perfectly natural that in America's table of the 1970s the peacekeeper becomes the hero instead of the out. It may be perfectly natural that people who have marched against the forces of white supremacy suddenly find themselves side by side with people who are marching for black supremacy, or even people who are marching against the supremacy of the central banks. But the critique is not necessarily right. A Soviet is a Soviet whether his name is Khrushchev or Castro. The Manchurian villages were supported by a great many university students. Intolerance and morality are not necessarily synonymous. And the argument may be leading the Charge of the Light Brigade with mounted cannon fire racing at the end of the underfed valley.

My Canada, customs, industries, immense and brave, has so far behaved with dignity and wisdom. She might have refused asylum to American refugees in the Vietnam war, but she didn't. She might have granted asylum to the one American who jumped on a plane to go home but she refused. She might have refused to the kidnapping of James Cross and the murder of Pierre Laporte with the atrocities that characterized similar conflicts in Belgium, Ireland or Pakistan, but she didn't. She might have

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I am grateful Canada has the courage to remain moderate, and I hope she will always, even if surrounded by oceans of lunacy

great or in the kidnappers, but she didn't. We take a lot for granted that she didn't do any of these things, but how many countries where we could take it for granted? I can't think of many.

I'm not hoping that Canada will be looked on her private side — or in some mythical golden age of her past —

because that would be unrealistic and impossible. But I am hoping that she will retain some of the virtues of her past and present while accommodating herself in the future. I have no objection to Canada acquiring new virtues — or vices — either, and I think it's possible to have a national theatre like the Abbey in Dublin without necessarily having to ac-

cept the roots of Boffin into the bargain. Nor do I believe that breaking out on road-rucking lanes into traffic jams or mountain ascents are the only ways to get a fast deal for the Eskimos or the poor. (And I can't help hoping that one day the ancient and venerable Jean-Paul Sartre will try to kill a fly all by himself instead of advising young, agile, trusting and intent-minded university students to do so while talking about the ontological identity of institutions in Quebec.)

If, as writers and philosophers are fond of claiming, the pen is mightier than the sword, it would be nice to see some of them exercise half the caution when writing about human affairs that they consistently employ when dealing with a writer's razor. If they truly believe in the power and value of words, it would be nice to see them use words with some accuracy and discrimination. When they say — and I have heard many of them say it — that our society is more oppressive and dehumanizing than any society in history, I'd like them to reflect and see if they would include in this statement the Spanish society of the 15th century, the Russian of the 17th, the Austrians of the early 19th, and so, the Chinese, Greek and Polish societies of our own. When they say that our unhappiest regions are those of exploitation and/or technology, I'd like them to reflect on the examples of unhappiness, repression and, especially, poverty of certain postindustrial agricultural or Communist societies. When they say that our freedom of thought and action is more restricted in North America today than it was in Nazi Germany, all I can say is: I hope it will not be personal experience that teaches them the full measure of their mistake.

Today when it takes little courage to be extreme, I am grateful that Canada has the courage to remain moderate. I hope that she will always have that courage and, even if she were surrounded by oceans of lunacy, left or right, east or west or south would not abandon it. Extremes are always rigid, and when rigid is dead, life is possible: moving, wise, kind and moderate, it retains everything pure and nothing completely corrupt and absorbs the best from the worst: it is easy to discard but impossible to define. It is often said that extremes are militant and moderation is passive, but is there anything more militant than the slow, cautious, conservative force of life? As long as the nation aggressively moderate, Canada will survive. ☐

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Under the top of the world

Looking up at the North Pole. The damndest dive ever

BY JOSEPH B. MACINNIS

Earlier this year, Dr. Joseph B. MacInnis led a team of five Canadian scientists and photographers on man's first underwater exploration of the North Pole. This is his exclusive account of that adventure, along with the first pictures ever taken under the polar ice cap. More of MacInnis' scientific adventures are contained in his book, *Underwater Man*, being published this fall by McClelland and Stewart.

The ice overhead shatters with brilliance. An arctic daylight bathes in splendor, with mercury halides beamed in beauty. I hang suspended in the crystal

silence, below, as the ocean plunges 13,000 feet into black oblivion.

I hunch down inside my wrinkled diving suit. A trickle of bone-cold water soaks my neck. Ahead, in the gloom, is an enormous white wall—a tortured construction of pinnacles, bare slabs of ice. At last, after four years of planning, I am under the North Pole—the top of the world—a whole ghost place where all meridians meet and every direction is south. A wild unmarked spot where it is midnight for 90 days and the midnight sun never sets.

The dream of being the first man to dive under the North Pole had been

with me since 1930, when I brought my first expedition to the Arctic and spent seven days exploring under the ice of Resolute Bay. We returned to the Arctic twice for more dives, always building up to this supreme adventure under the Pole, one that we knew would challenge our courage and our physical endurance to their limits. There, at the last moment, it appeared that all our efforts and all our preparations would end in failure.

For days, bad weather made it impossible for our pilots to take off on the 600-mile flight to the Pole. When the weather finally cleared, all we could see below us was hundreds of miles of ice-

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A smooth number

The ice glowed with a cold, lifeless light

used for at least two (three) thick, impossible for us to cut through in the three days we had remaining for our expedition. But as our hopes dwindled our plots became a narrow belt of thinner ice right at the Pole and we set us down to build our computer.

Now we have punched through and I look up at the black figure of Rick Mason, an underwater photographer and my companion on these polar expeditions, slip through the dive belt. As he moves toward me with a small light of transparent bubbles and comes to rest on the pale underbelly of the ice.

He catches a large spotlight which drives yellow brilliance through the water. Its thick black power cord snakes out behind him and up to the dive belt as he begins a downward arc toward the ice wall.

The wall was formed as the frozen water rumbled together in an agony of buckled and broken slabs. Propelled by huge and distant winds the ice has been forced downward into a perilous ridge of fractured terraces. All is darkly silent, nothing here at the touch of formation. The wall glows with a lifeless light that appears translucent a light mist of life and stripped of warmth and safety.

I follow the slow churn of Rick's black fin. As the white cliff draws closer his wings of apprehension flutter in my chest. I chase them away with thoughts of the magnitude of our being here and the purpose of our adventure.

Knowledge surely, A better understanding of the forbidding world that is an important part of Canada. We are living to explore and comprehend an elusive portion of the planet.

We are also here to better understand ourselves. Men looking for personal truth — each one of us asking the lonely questions of self-appraisal — can't all purely put it well when he writes.

"I'm so glad to be here."

With the chance that comes but once
To say true in his lifetime
To travel deep in himself
To meet himself as a stranger.

As the northern end of the world?
We are here to test ourselves and our equipment. How long can we stay? What life-support do we need? What techniques must we develop? This is the most hostile environment on earth and unquenched frozen at the North Pole will send the party into other parts of undersea Canada.

My life in the listening business

BY BETTY KENNEDY

I find hosting an interview show is a lot easier than explaining how you do it.

I don't think you can be in this business without being genuinely curious about people, about their lives, and the million things that make them different from each other.

But a person's difference doesn't always show on the surface and you can't force it out. It takes a lot of listening, not only to the person's words but to the hidden man or woman behind them.

My main effort is always to make the person feel at ease, to let my guests know the moment they walk into the studio that they'll be treated with respect and thoughtfulness. Putting people on the spot or deliberately embarrassing them doesn't interest me. I want them to relax and explore the things that really mean something to them.

When a long-time international star tells you candidly she has no difficulty relating to huge audiences,

it's only in one-to-one relationships she can never make it, you know you have reached that person. She becomes a real person talking, not just a stage



personality. It's that kind of response that suddenly makes an interview take off.

What I am after is exactly that personal, human quality of a guest which can often lend a new perspective to a story.

Many things about a

good interview are the intangibles you simply can't explain. The tangibles are easy enough—the amount of homework done in advance and your own ability to concentrate completely on the guest.

If someone controversial is presenting an unpopular view, the listening audience is entitled to a fair and impartial presentation. I believe it is the audience, not the interviewer, who judges the merits of a guest. Audiences have a lot of common sense and are quite capable of arriving at their own decisions.

Broadcasting takes you into many different worlds, but always it is the people, what they think, what they feel, why they do the things they do, that count most.

Personally yours
Betty Kennedy

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Far below us were 7,000-foot mountains

Something felt wrong. I look down past Rick's flailing form and see the hammer of falling water. I reach for my camera, but bulky rubber fingers only grope against canvas. My viewfinder? A 5000 wide angle lens is disappearing into midnight. I race down, but my plunge is useless. The lens falls too far, too fast. It is well into a two-mile journey to the bottom. I gasp for breath and wonder how to explain the loss to the friend who loaned it to me.

Rock now plays the light beam over a series of sharp, jagged blocks jutting out from the steep bulk of the present ridge. Shells, whatever, turn splendid yellow. Several of the uppermost shells are covered with sparkling ice crystals.

The light catches our average and we slip slowly down toward the winter night, under the ridge. Columns of crushed ice run in chaotic lines on all directions. At an unknown point in the gray light the enormous white hull descends into the frozen indifference of the sea.

We are almost 50 feet down. The dive hole has faded to a small white square. The hull extends a far bleached lip of ice out toward our feet. We drop lower for a look beneath it. As we descend our shoulders nearly touch. Our paired breathing lifts every long sight of accelerating air. Together our eyes probe the darkening water. The distant shape of two deep ghost peaks stare back. They are a long swim down. Farther than our average will take us.

Somewhere below the blackness is the sea floor. On it are mountains standing 7,000 feet high. They are part of a range that begins in Labrador and runs for 2,000 miles up the eastern shore of Baffin and Ellesmere islands. At the north end of Canada these mountains plunge into the sea to become the Lomonosov Ridge. They end their long, arduous journey in Russia in the New Siberian Islands.

We drift alone in an enormous body of water. The Arctic Ocean covers some five million square miles, it is bordered by the frozen coasts of Asia, Europe, Greenland and North America. We are 450 miles from the Canadian shore.

The light sweeps in a slow wide arc; its glare runs up and over a staircase of frozen and tilted blocks. I push the compass, the light catches the peak ice in slow movement; howling dark winds far in the world's growing silence of our moving light upon stuff. The swirling pressure of blocks probing deep into the sea, the final static stability of countless unhooking fragments.



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Suddenly, there was a tiny scrap of life

The wall appears anything but stable. It slopes up and away from us. A giant purple-blue overhang. The buoyancy of its eaves tremendous upward force. Several of the larger blocks are massively undercut and look ready to break for the surface. If you're not at the top, you're dead in a runaway upward avalanche that would mean certain doom.

We debate ourselves that death will not come if we carefully evaluate the hazards of the sea and the techniques to be used. But diving—especially under the pebble sea—is never absolutely safe. Our awareness of this fact is an itch that leeches on the shoulder. My arm and hands ache from the cold. Rock and I nod and pull back from the darkness. Through the mirrored surface of the dive hole I see the distant specks of our three companions on the surface. Suddenly, just ahead of my face, weak, a diver of glass walls and a pole. A faint, almost flicker, a tiny scrap of life against a bluish of terror.

Rock and I pause just beneath the surface. From here we can see the full withering sea of the pressure ridge. It is an endless chain of suspended and uncoordinated peaks. Canada's ocean contains thousands of miles of similar ridges, but few men have had this remote underwater view.

Little is known about the architecture and geography of pressure ridges. Knowledge has always been obtained indirectly or secondhand, but now the technology exists to allow scientists to make firsthand observations.

The two of us move into the white water immediately under the dive hole. I see the harsh overhead ridge as the surface water cut through the ice. The three of them, three McNab's. Gary McLean and Patrick McLean lead over to watch us and help us from the water. McLean is fully dressed and ready to dive. He's a predator and intends to go down to the pressure ridge.

On the far side of the dive hole a small Canadian flag waves in the current of our arrival. The flag is perhaps the best expression of why we have come. The North Pole is the northern apex of Canada's ocean territories. If we, as a nation, are to understand and manage these territories we must be able to operate anywhere on them—reaching above and below ice-covered waters.

A hand reaches out and my hand breaks through into the cold polar air. Rock emerges, lifts his face mask, and through a beard matted with ice and frost exclaims "That was the damnedest experience ever!"

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YOUR VIEW/continued from page 16

Driving Oscar Wild

Let us get our *teaspoons* straight. River Taylor repeats one error so many times in *Grand Noëls* (June) that it begins to irritate. It must be explained to him (or to the Express Hotel) that "high tea" is a British sit-down, after-work, evening meal. It might consist of cold meat and salad, poached eggs, kippers, quiche Lorraine (known as bacon and egg pie) or any other substantial dish that is not cold dinner because dinner is at 1 p.m. It is usually called "tea," while supper workers might have "loose" (or "loosehouse") at midday and "dinner" at night, or they might have "dinner" at midday and "tea" at night; they sometimes feel obliged to eat the latter "high tea" to distinguish it from the late o'clock afternoon tea which their maids or maids might not have had in between. The four o'clock tea is the Oscar Wilde cucumber sandwiches and meringues, or the upper-laden-of-Victoria-B.C. affair, usually for the idle rich. For the less rich it may be called "a cuppa," "high tea" is solid, satisfying and nourishing, and is sometimes called "supper" or "meat tea" or "the evening meal." It is all really quite simple, and one find it indisputable — never, never would Oscar Wilde or upper ladies have "high tea."

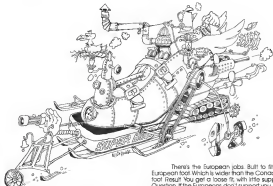
Z. MURRAY, 25 CATHARINE, ONT.

The CIA in Canada

Thanks to Bill Macdonald and James R. Doherty. While their article *Now the CIA Has Us Spooked* (July) contains interesting news about "intelligence" activity in Canada, it performs an important service in reminding the public. As a Canadian residing in the U.S., I hope Canada will learn from recent American experience about the danger of granting surveillance authority to organizations that are not accountable to the government. Surely this is one of the lessons of Watergate.

And what justifies the UKUSA Agreement? "Through this agreement, Canada undertakes to conduct signals intelligence (i.e., eavesdropping) ... for the United States." The authors report that "Canadian intelligence functioning in accordance to official government policy, provided the CIA with substantial assistance throughout the whole U.S. adventure in Vietnam." They point out that "where Canada's policy emphasizes peacekeeping and stability, her position is severely compromised." Ames. I sincerely hope other Canadians will ex-

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FLORIDA
THE STATE OF EXCITEMENT

YOUR VIEW/continued from page 44b

peris their outrage at such duplicity and hypocrisy.

I do not interpret the Macdonald and Doherty attitude as a call for non-cooperation with the U.S. Indeed, I believe the principal danger of an anti-American attitude is the likelihood of its leading to the "big country, right or wrong" mentality which has served for so long down here. I believe the authors' message as summed up in "The power of the nondemocratic wing of government thus continues its steady and unshaken march toward its inevitable, the destruction of the democratic process." It's an urgent message. Canada (goes on) is her peril!

RICHARD D. JERNSTON, CORNWALL, ONTARIO, U.S.A.

Ol' man river

Revered Hugh MacLennan for his eloquent observations about the nature (and the people) of the 1960s (*MacLennan: August*). He writes "... they have not been educated to be ashamed of their humanity. They did not believe that man is a fallen creature. What they did believe, or rather what they knew, was something far more revolutionary. A simple truth of ineluctable responsibility to human society had finally penetrated the consciousness of the young. ... Man is not a fallen creature but a risen animal. In spite of all his failures and crimes, an inherent but more elusive for guide than for shame."

First of all I wish to share the elation I got from reading these thoughts being put so eloquently.

Secondly, as much as I am convinced of the profound insight and accuracy of the concept of the risen animal, I wonder how easily widespread such consciousness is. I am, therefore, inclined to credit MacLennan (along with Robert Aronson among others) with being one of the creators of the consciousness he speaks of, rather than a mere discoverer of it in others. But more power to him for that!

J. B. WYNNICKY, WATERLOO, ONT.

Latvia by sea

The article *Scandinavia By Sea* (*August*) contains one grave error—the "way" that accompanies it is inaccurate. Estonia, Latvia, Lithuania, now Soviet republics of the same name, have been obliterated. These Soviet countries deserve recognition.

SENCE DREHMAN, POINTE CLAIR, QUE.

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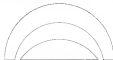
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A Kantaroff retrospective

Mayson herself: 41 years in a life

BY VALERIE MINER

Mayson Kantaroff has her purple paint-mustache drawn out against the academic white walls and sterile green boards behind her. She squints her dark, almond eyes; her knuckles are clenched white against the Arbreux podium and her legs are just. She spins out most of her words, swallowing the others with the plegion of barely checked anger. It's hard to tell how much is just indignation and how much is dramatic posturing, but she has captured her Seneca College art degree as she talks about art and feminism. Her credentials in both areas are extensive: Postgraduate work in painting, drawing and sculpture; international commissions; 17 solo exhibitions in Milan, Munich, Stuttgart, London, Toronto and Montreal. As Canada's Gladiators, a Canadian sculptor of international stature, acknowledges: "Her work is extremely innovative. She ranks with some of the best sculptors in Canada." She also manages a hectic schedule of feminist activity — is a member of the National Action Committee on the Royal Commission on the Status of Women; she speaks everywhere from the CBC to the Industrial Management Club to the Ontario Federation of Labor to the Seneca College class in Toronto.

The female artist is an oxymoron. All artists are considered by nature of their creation of society. But females are even outside of the group that male artists have built to help themselves.

"Women have two main roles in art: the patron and the muse. The patron is the one most of the time; the muse is the traditional mistress."

The beautiful 40-year-old sculptor seduces her audience in a fine, tight line of position — the beautiful, elegant, statuesque, the five-year-olds, the few painfully aware, almost, repetition, middle-aged men, the whole is emotional — a canvas from the nager, the laughter she expresses and generates. "Asking why there are so few women Canadian women artists is like asking why there aren't any Eskimo tennis stars or Lithuanian jazz musicians."

Mayson Kantaroff has been criticized by some syntheses for using her sculpture to peddle her politics. She's criticized by some women for using her feminism to further her career. And she's praised by friends as a really honest woman, really available because she is so accessible. Unlike many artists, she unabashedly and successfully promotes her own work. She is proud to say that she hasn't applied for a Canada Council grant for 15 years. She makes her own living from commissions and gallery sales, a rare feat among Canadian artists, most of whom struggle with grant applications and make-hell teaching jobs to stay afloat. And in the course of her working life, she has made some powerful and influential friends such as Toronto developer Al Green, who has given her considerable help. "I believe in exploiting everything to the fullest. Sure I use my friendships, but I don't abuse them. I am attracted to powerful people — it's good to know people who have a direction or meaning in their lives. I've always been ought to give and it's relaxing to be with people who are strong and accomplished enough to give back."

Mayson's friends tell a number of stories about her giving nature. She is a legendary soft touch and some even say that her openness often makes her vulnerable. I was told about the time she was at a restaurant with a group of people who were waiting for her for a party. "Oh no," she mused. "You're exaggerating." In walked a drink from the owner who opened the door and said, "The people in the room and I wanted over to her to ask for a cigarette. She pulled out a Peter Jackson and lit it for him."

But as much as she lets people use her, she is a magnet for feminism and a promoter for her own separation.

She lives with her parents in a pleasant, picture-window brick house in North Toronto. Today is the only time I have ever seen her relaxing. She lies in her small white bedsheet recuperating from a crowded studio and even here she

shuffles through letters from the Royal Ontario Museum talks on the phone to a stranger who read her name in one of the papers and wants some marital advice. You see she explains this is why she is laid up. She doesn't know how to say "no" to people so occasionally she needs an aide or sheers off a bit of her finger or steps in front of a truck. She thinks it has become a subconscious pattern. She does something just slightly masculine, to round herself in slow down to force herself to relax. She sketches off the Wagnerian opera on the radio and tells me that century-in-apparentness she is actually a Belgian person.

The marriage of Mayson's parents was arranged by her father's uncle, acting as a sort of marriage broker in Nova Scotia. Mayson's father, Kim Kantaroff, came to Canada in 1912. After working as a merchant, a machine mender, a laborer, a landowner, he opened a profitable pool hall at the corner of Queen and Bay Streets in Toronto. Her mother, Irina, arrived in 1930 in the height of fashion, a point of professional honor for the young sculptor. She passed on the family legacy to her daughter — a child, Mayson was, kind and unadorned. In 1937 when most Canadians were still struggling with the drags of the Depression, Kim had enough money to take Irina, Mayson and her older brother Karl back to Bulgaria.

Mayson was four and she remembers the trip as a time of fear, excitement and frustration. She recalls standing in a group of children, able to understand them, but unable to communicate back in Bulgarian. When the family returned to Canada two years later, it was the same experience in reverse: she could understand English but she could speak only Bulgarian. She thinks this experience dictated her from her peer group later determining the individualism of her art and her feminist politics. Mayson has always lived on the periphery.

If she was segregated from the Anglo kids around Riverside Park because of



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After a struggle she was raped



her quick, black, curly hair and her Orthodox heritage, she was further distanced from them by her academic excellence and her past accomplishments at the Royal Conservatory of Music. But she was a generous kid, too. She was at ways active in sports and considered herself "one of the guys." She didn't learn any of the feminine wiles, there wasn't the time, and there were other more important priorities.

Mayron knew little about being sexy and even less about sex. Her family subscribed to the "Go look it up in the library" kind of training. She didn't hear about menstruation until her first bleeding. She didn't know what masturbation was until a friend explained in university. And, lacking the understanding to be part of a lower Canadian middle class, but was not the right kind or the better for a cultured European girl. So when she finally wanted dating in 17 she was quite baffled by her physical responses. She didn't know what it meant to be aroused and she returned home feeling nervous. She wasn't even sure what was happening to her when she was raped.

Mayron had refused her first boyfriend's proposal of marriage. She wanted to finish grade 12 and attend university. He was angry and bitter at first, but she thought he had forgiven her when he came over for a chat several days later. They were sitting on her living room couch when suddenly he threw her on the floor and after a brief confusing struggle raped her. "It was very strong and painful. He could have wounded me. I wouldn't have known what he was doing. But it was meant to be a very specific, not absolutely cold-

She was always proud when visitors to her art school class thought her sculptures had been done by a male artist

needed." She agreed a rape, thinking she was pregnant, afraid to tell her parents because she thought they would make her angry.

After a very angry year she found another boyfriend who encouraged her to go to university. She wanted to become an architect but instead studied art and archeology because it seemed more appropriate. She finished her B.A. and graduated with honors in 1977, and the next year she went to England for postgraduate study in archeology and then in drawing, painting and sculpture.

Her studies in a laboratory of ladders, cedar blocks, board saws, paint brushes and hammers. She wore eyeglasses and refugees from the local high-rise apartments stood around waiting for the acids that Mayron always seemed to have on hand or for some hot bearings that she might use now or later. A friend's hot bumps grating on top of a large female sculpture.

It was a long way to this present study in those first art school days in England where she completed a pro-

fession that they never had academic discussions with their women students. They told her women never became professional artists and that such discussions would be sexual. She agreed with them for a long time, and yet she was proud when class visitors thought her sculpture was done by a man. She had such sculptures in film. Art, whose curves she considered soft and whose textures she thought fishy. She showed the eagles and lions. But gradually she became aware of an angry, angry direction in her work. She found that she could make strong statements with words as well as with rectangles. "I have one sculpture — *Levers* — where the figure is straight and tall and has a little head. The other figure crouches around it like a snake. Now most people take the first figure to be a male. But I look at it as the female crouched and surrounded by the all-comprehending sensitive male."

Mayron's lifestyle in England was so unconventional as her aesthetics. She dated many until she was 25 when

most of her Riverside College art friends were having with their children's last-day-of-school outfits. She had already become an established sculptor with displays and exhibitions and commissions, but she really did try to subordinate her career to the expected feminine role. She told people that her actor husband, Michael, came first even though she was doing her best to go off to work each morning as she could leave for the studio. This morning he came by in a pickup up in the afternoon she dropped all her work and went home to play wife. She felt as if she was leaving in often after with her studio.

"Now I'm glad I went through the experience. It gave me a real understanding of sexual power. It taught me what it meant to be somebody's property. I also had the good fortune to marry someone who was creative. I say 'good fortune' because it provided an exit from the marriage. He didn't want a sexual relationship because he loved me, sex was dirty. This didn't do it with someone you respected." At first she thought the problem was hers — that

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"It's very difficult to accept yourself when you don't even know who you are"



she wasn't a real woman, that she was inadequate. She found an actor to make herself seem more attractive but after three years of marriage she filed for divorce.

That's why she started psychoanalysis. Although the hang-up was her husband's the first session she made to her analyst was "I'm too pretty, too easily put upon, too exploited. But also too aggressive, too dominating, too demanding." She calls it the classic female dichotomy. As she explains a new, "It's very difficult to accept yourself when you're not even sure which self you are — your mother's self or your husband's self or your friend's self or your own self. Analysis showed me how to accept painful experience."

"Over the years I have learned not to mind actors' I was quite adept at the pedantic put-down, the intellectual retreat. I didn't see my research. I justified, and my experience. But I have learned to respond with my emotions, not to control myself. Before I had to project all kinds of tensions and attitudes onto my work in order not to deal with them myself. But after analysis, I began to create on an emotional level. All my work flowed directly."

The powerful vitality of her massive breasts and the sensual complexion of her relaxed face. Marjorie's person-

ality. Her work is a unique conjunction of cold intensity and passionate intensity. As Gerald Glasstone commented, "She has a vital, ongoing rhythm. A personal pulse. Aggressive but not hostile. She has developed a large art vocabulary and speaks eloquently — on an international level."

Marjorie remained in England for five years after her divorce. Her studio became a meeting place for writers, actors, writers, actors. They would drink tea and talk about controversy and ambition and roles. Although this "cosmopolitan meeting group" was informal, she says it prepared her for her comeback to America when she came back to Canada in 1969.

She remembered the day and the hour that comeback took place. She was sitting in her bedroom, reading newspapers and she kept looking back to articles about women's liberation. Suddenly she burst into a sweat and began panting. Her whole physiology changed in what she calls a silent experience. She explodes even now when she talks about it. "It was such a profound breakthrough I had finally found the missing link when I had felt out of my philosophy. Before, everything I had done, my sculptor, my analysis, was dealing with me as me. But what feminism told me was that 99% of what I am isn't me, me,

"Western civilization is on its last legs," Muggeridge said. "I see a breakdown. It's happening now, creeping anarchy. . ."

know it. She found several patterns of her father and, in one group, Cousin Rose herself. She brought coffee while Malcolm and I talked, the *Joe's Rag* in- still dawning about such a camera.

Reg, an ardent book collector, had brought along a couple of rare Muggeridge editions, and the author autographed them happily. They talked

about George Orwell, who had been Muggeridge's friend. Muggeridge said he had once been asked to write a biography of Orwell, but on going through the pages of Eric Blair (Orwell's original name) he had found little support for the legend Orwell had created. "Some policemen didn't care the first night," he said, laughing. (In *Know*

Joe's Rag, Orwell had given the impression that he had been an unhappy police officer who hated suspension.)

"It's impossible to find out the truth about anything," Muggeridge complained. He had his hands above the coffee cup and held forth on politics. "I intend to poll his out of here! No, I didn't stay up all night listening to broadcasts about your federal election, but I heard some of it. I always thought the BBC was the worst thing in the world on the radio. But I must say the CBC have got them beaten."

Muggeridge began to talk about the decline and fall of the western world.

"The whole of western civilization is on its last legs. I see a breakdown. It's happening now, creeping anarchy, day by day people are becoming conditioned to it. Who would have thought that men and women would be to find in the streets of a city in the U.K. — in Belfast? Even three years ago it would have been unthinkable. Mindless men walking about."

Did he think radio and television had anything to do with it?

"The media enormously distort life. People are given a surface picture which they come to believe — the legend made visible, the word because television is promotes complex confusion. A phrase like 'populists explosion' is handed about as if it meant something."

Why did he take part himself in this world of illusion?

"I've tried to appear on TV as little as possible. But you have to get at least maximum for a little compensation as possible. make your bargain with the people who have the money. I feel it would be cheating to refuse to take part in it."

I came away from that first meeting with the exposed headlines for the *Star* and the feeling that there was something false about making newspaper copy out of a man who despised newspapers for the good reason that he knew their cover well. "News, like everything," he had written, "is a passing momentary perhaps the ultimate fantasy." I was not to see him again till he returned in the fall of 1977 to stay for a while and help edit his TV series for Horizon Films, the production company founded at the time, the series written, based and narrated by Muggeridge, directed by Augustine Bone-Powell, William Blake, Simon Kinnear, Leo Talbot and David Rothwell. *Muggeridge: The Great Fall*, released one of his autobiographies, was brilliantly reviewed in



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Muggeridge rejoiced when war broke out

the *Globe and Mail* under the head, to misanthrope the *Canada* was not flattered. The reviewer was John Muggeridge the author's Canadian son, a cousin of some years who teaches English and Canadian studies in a community college in Wilfrid, Ontario. It's a nice child who knows his own father well enough to put the Atlantic between himself and that father's fate, and I have always explained John's being elegiac as a writer by pointing out that he comes by his subject (as black writers can) honestly — his mother, after all, is a Dubliner. John wrote: "I take one glimpse for the authentic Muggeridge, the man I have walked and talked with as far back as I can remember whose long political nose of the human condition I have been mulling over at least since a memorable evening in 1945 when, tucked in on the living room sofa of our single-bedroom flat below Kingsley Martin's house, in more affluent times, we dined on about Martin, and as well as being editor of the *New Statesman*, he was an economic pundit and optimistically assumed to be sleeping. I heard it propounded as a room full of smoking journalists. What this book shows above all is the continuity of Muggeridge's thinking. He has not in a new self to report tipped his lid, or made some sudden lurch to Dostoevsky type cynicism. He has refused to accept anything as a final act."

I was beginning to see Muggeridge, on a way one does not often see a writer whose work one admires, even if he happens to be a friend, as a man with a personal concern, with relations and relationships, with an care for history of any kind beyond the comfort of human affection and I thought that if I ever wrote about him outside the merely editorial pages of a newspaper I would want to show him in that way.

I read his own account of his life in *The Green Book*, then in *The Joyful Grove* when that came out, and I thought of James Joyce's idea that the important question about any work of art was from how deep a life had it sprung. Muggeridge's had been a complex life, a new perspective whose profoundly alone mind and imagination were distanced by the state of time, that expense of spirit, so that when the books moved for self-destruction on London there was something in him that rejoiced to see the city of Heaven go up in flames infernal splendor that cast long shadows on personal history. The best of war he wrote was the killing. And in *Louisa* Muggeridge, his Muggeridge's literary cousin to

He played at spying and clandestine love

Paragon: East Africa. Muggeridge played the games of espionage and clandestine love all the while of them took every his wish to live. But not for long. God was gone up with a heavy noise and in a dying civilization the atom was playing Marianne, a clown, a kind of holy fool who in the past it came down part it sang his didn't who danced his did.

From all his oblique Muggeridge returned to Katy, his true Pausanias. I felt this when I met them in Toronto again in the fall of 1971. It was a family dinner with John Muggeridge and his wife Anne Roche, a conventionally well young Catholic writer from Newfoundland whose fierce advocacy of a faith unshaken with economics has turned many a gutter-stomping priest into white with terror.

When Muggeridge and Cousin Katy came to my own home for dinner I asked Robert Fulford and his wife, Geraldine, to meet them. What could be more agreeable? Fulford and Muggeridge two superb journalists who admired each other in full cry. It was Fulford who, as a Maclean's editor had got Muggeridge fired from Lord Beaverbrook's *Evening Standard* by an obituary to write a disingenuous article on the Beaverbrook cult in *Frederick's New Beaverbrook*. It was the only time Muggeridge had been fired in his whole career and, characteristically, he observed Fulford for a He and Fulford. I recall, were trying to find good things to say about Richard Nixon that night, if only because the rest of the world was saying nothing but nasty things.

After that evening with the Fulfords I didn't see Muggeridge again until, his days on *Salisbury Island* being over, he stayed over in Toronto a few days on his way back to England. We talked in the downtown office of his film producer.

He was already overflowing with opinions about Canada, had taken part in a demonstration against covert action, had dismissed Canadian nationalism ("a lot of lunatics") he said and upheld his belief in man's need for God against the agnostic Charles Tompkins on Peter Breen's *The Great Deceit*. At every in this last performance was that Tompkins a factor bible bumper has recently published a synopsis version of the Christian Gospel and Muggeridge was himself at work as a book about the New Testament.

I looked so if he was spending a lot of time meeting the devil of the media on his own ground. "I see myself" he confessed chuckling "as a man playing the



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"I'm an old lecher in his senility"

piano is a whorehouse. And he occasionally includes *Abbie Hoffman* in his repertoire."

First Johnson, former editor of *The New Yorker*, moved in 1973 to "moving technical work" to Muggenidge, adding that he was also a "passionate exponent of the art of friendship." Johnson thought his friend had played many parts: a man who had begun life as an obscure socialist, the son of a Labor MP, who had been a "wonderful, briefly, at the shrine of Stalin's Russia, followed by a much longer spell as one of its principal associates" and was now documenting his loss of commitment to the cause of progress.

Muggenidge himself feels that his life is all of a piece, though all the vicissitudes the changes of role (in Johnson's terms, he has been embroiled in the same quest). He notes in his memoirs that he has often been called a Marxist. The Marxist would have taught that the physical world, the body and the flesh, were totally evil. Something of the emotional color of this outlook runs through Muggenidge's stories and reviews his judgment which, though generally acute, sometimes flirts out in a way that is reminiscent. His years for intellectual labor and sexual derangement may be heightened by the knowledge that he himself once shared in those things that is not a view of his life he can live in the least. "I'm a kind of old lecher!" he says successfully. "Naturally!" he hisses.

And then, in his life, he keeps. The last I saw of him was you, looking at his film crew like the old friends they had become, with hugs and kisses. A small, aging figure, yet a winner in his own right. There was something of the old and the new in him, which I would not forget. He had written it near the beginning of his autobiography that close for his life.

"Foolishness, rapidly changed his career reduced. A light glimpse, only to disappear. Something, rapidly changed, as it might be distant once, or as change figures something full of excitement and the promise of ecstasy that far away, and yet near, at the very first, the first run of time and space, and in the peace of my hand. In my case, whether distant after in the remote distance, or reached for near at hand — unbroken. No light seen, great endeavor, only a door closed, and looking out, only ever more faintly down some street." □



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The flip side of Anne Murray

Everyone knew it was there, but who would have guessed it would get full play?

BY LARRY LEBLANC

On a rainy evening in Kansas City, Missouri, the misty faces of Anne Murray and a small audience sat quite still in a Midwestern tavern, their denim shoulders against the white shirts of unbarbered men wearing neckties for the occasion and sporting view-cams and glowing tape. Unobtrusively, hip office workers sat elbow to elbow with members of the Missouri Lodge Finksy high-school kids watched com-
completely in older members of the audience found their attention into their limousine limousine. It was a gathering, they might properly be called Middle America in Concert.

They had come to hear Anne Murray. And as they settled in, the star quietly backstage in a windowless room. Hanging from the door was a hand-painted sign: "We need a picture of you." It was for a sign, but the fact that her first name was spelled incorrectly took most of the punch out of the intended welcome. Anne sat alone, drumming her right hand softly against Ellen DeGeneres' Denim. There she left the room to prove the bar now centers black corridor behind the stage. She was faintly but smiling to those who came up to her, reminding those and themselves.

"Before I go on stage," she had told me, "I'm completely preoccupied. I saw a lot, I have my usual nervous pangs. When I talk to people I don't go there, the attention they deserve. The only thing I think about is what I'm going to do out there. I just go inside myself."

She pulled herself out for the show, however, and once she had clipped the wings from the butterflies she was able to slide to center stage, take the microphone from the show book and step confidently into the first song. Her head, Richard, fell in behind with quiet and careful looking, waiting the ball into a friendly electric dialogue between the Kansas City audience and a very Anne Murray. She sang for more than an hour, did some self-singing about the size of her breasts (not large) and even had the crowd laughing at her falsetto

one-liner. The entrance she displayed on stage was in stark contrast to the nervous perspiration, but it by no means meant that the spotlight had a full moon effect upon her. It's a star's duty to appear poised, whether or not that pose is really there. And with Anne it is not. "I still feel very nervous. No matter how confident I may seem to be, I'd still rather be in a living room."

But no one could tell that during the show. Halfway through, a handsome youth in a ruffled denim suit slipped out of the audience, walked up and presented Anne with a dozen long-stemmed roses. He was rather good-looking—short-cropped hair, of course, but well-looking still—and when he made the motion to present Anne with the gift, she stepped in if to kiss him on the lips. He and something, though, and Anne turned away awkwardly, sheepish, and her lips barely touched his cheek.

After the kisses she swept into the windowless dressing room, only looking up at Ellen DeGeneres' Denim. She started firing questions at anyone in sight and a feeling of embarrassment called the misty air. Strip Backwards, the band's leader, rolled his eyes in recognition of this show of hostility. "Andy," he cried over to drummer Andy Owen, "she wants to see you." Backwards jerked his thumb in the direction of the dressing room and Cye followed it. Anne blazed him harshly for the loudness of his drumming. He insisted, but said nothing.

"Well," Cye said later to Backwards, "I thought it sounded great out there."

"It was okay. She just needed something to brush about."

Ship and Anna talked about the none. "We always play at this level," argued Ship.

"Well," she then back, "during Audubon's Song of Mike (the group's sound technician) had been on stage. I would have probably been in the band."

Activity that she had gone right but the evening was definitely in the wrong key. When we got back to the darkened lobby of the nearby Holiday Inn, Anne walked straight into a bevy of bea-

tyboon. She signed a few autographs and the young girls giggled and chattered into the lobby, pressing a little and Anne got twenty. One girl, a little tough-looking but still attractive, pushed forward and talked quietly and intently with her. Anne shook her head and stepped back. The girl kept pressing Anne backed off even further. The elevator door opened and she was able to leap sideways into it. She caught her reflection in the smoked glass, then looked away.

"She wanted me to come down to the bar for a drink," she said. "I wasn't sure at first, but then she kept saying, 'Then I could tell about her.' Sometimes you can't tell."

Next day in the airport she put the caper on the whole Kansas City trip. "You know that guy who came on stage last night with the flowers?" she said to the head. "It was a girl. I went to kiss him full on the lips but just then he said something and instead I kissed him on the cheek. Then I noticed he had a snake like the one."

Everyone took it good-naturedly. "Did you enjoy it?" asked drummer Cye. "I think the day could do about it. Audubon, pick their name, was the other way around, and even though Anne remains decidedly heterosexual she has the flip side looks, the subtle figure, broad shoulders and mouth hairstyle that naturally make her a darling of the beach."

It was even in the Chicago Tribune wrote. "There's always going to be his lingering whiff of physical closeness about the woman." Peggy Lee had a lesson following. So did Ann Jepsen. Why not Anne?

Illustration by David H. Johnson



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Anne avoids the "real dirt"

and she's richer than now, at 29, to make her own decision. She's a bit of a phenomenon in that she's now more revered, after close to two years in show business than she's a star again, proving that *Seinfeld* was no fluke.

Anne has made some big changes the past year, some of which have hurt old fans. Previously every entertainment publication on the coast has run a story on the Remaking of Anne Murray's image, and the stories — in some cases the blame — have been laid mostly on her new American manager, Skip Gordon and Allen Smith, hardly over with Anne herself, which is where they should have gone. Seinfeld Canada couldn't bring itself to believe that the real push to make it big in the United States came from Anne herself and her Canadian advisors, not from the two New Yorkers.

Of course Gordon and Smith do some backstage manipulation, that's what they're paid for. But the basic career decisions are made by Anne in close consultation with her Toronto business partners (Bill Langford, who discovered her; Bruce Albert, her producer and Leonard Rabinson, her business manager). If Gordon and Smith can help her along, then so much the better — and quicker.

Anne also relies on her Toronto partners (particularly Rabinson) to shield her from what she calls the "icky gritty dirty" of the business — "you know, the real dirt. I'm a little bit too sensitive about some things. Like I don't want to know that there's money being paid to people to play a performer's records, if that makes it true. [Her staff insists that in her case it's not.] "I don't want to know what premises have to do to pay for a house, so that when a performance comes out on stage, the house is three-quarters full, rather than having 200 people there. I'm aware of all those things. But I just don't always want to be told." The cold facts about the entertainment business coming from Anne's lap sound like — too well understood for the stage we have heard up of her.

The whole reason given simply because we've always seen her as the way when she burst onto the scene some five years ago with a don't-bust attitude and a flawless rhythm. She was a third-order package from the moment and she arrived just when Canada was rising up to its own worth. She became our permanent high-school sweetheart. This image was proved by her skill, who were largely responsible themselves.



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In 1972, "I was almost to the point of quitting," Anne recalls. "All I could think about was that I was a one-hit wonder"

and the soon found it impossible to shake. People lived her for the greatest she possessed in *Singalong Jubilee*. Let's Go and her special. In some ways, she became part of the Canadian nationalist movement. Just as many Canadians are against foreign investment or property without any clear idea of what socialism is being taken over by

whom, many Canadians love Anne Murray on principle, without knowing or even caring much about her music.

Consequently, by 1972 Anne had little to smile about. The *Singalong Jubilee* of 1970 had vanished, her career was doubling away, and she was being dismissed by the press as a one-hit wonder. Her U.S. manager, Nick Savino (who

she handles Glen Campbell and her backing group, the Wilsons' Morris Agency, were holding her to the shocking contract of the country music chain and making her into the Little Nipper-Roberta Flack-Lata Vega spaghetti style. They told her it was impossible for her to perform on the college circuit (where the good concert money is) or even on the smaller, big-city halls. They claimed she just wasn't wanted. Her singles were flopping across Canada, and her previous, *Break Away*, and Anne herself were forgotten as things from the first-tier Anne Murray sound, despite the fact it was shimmering dangerously close to stardom. Her options soon became clear: either settle in to being a minor Canadian star, perhaps with a comfortable network television income, or else roll back the stone from the north and step out.

"I was almost to the point of quitting—and you'll never see the result. There were just enough people around to encourage me. All I could think about was that I was a one-hit wonder. I figured that must be it because it had happened so many times before. I also knew I had the talent. The challenge was not there because I had had a taste of it and I felt deep down it could be done. But I needed help."

First help would have to come from Capitol Records as giving Anne enough time and money to create a proper album. *Donny's Song*—both the album and the single—was the long-awaited follow-up to *Singalong*.

Still, when the record took off, no concert dates in the U.S. followed, and she worried that more than anything else, even though she claims to dislike touring, (Anne still lives in Toronto and insists she will never move to the United States.) But touring was the missing piece in the Anne Murray Machine: it's the closest a performer ever gets to immediate feedback. The charts can tell you about exposure; sales tell you about penetration; but only touring can give the cut-and-dried positive and negative responses (people might have bought the album but heard none of the songs). Touring is the entrepreneur's last resort, and Anne Murray had had no idea a walk aside she was touring.

So the first Nick Savino and the Wilsons Morris Agency. And last last year the decision was made by Anne and her Toronto business partners to see how Shop Gordon and Allan Stride would fit into the picture. The two had already taken a shy Phoenix had named Vincent Foxmeyer and made him into the



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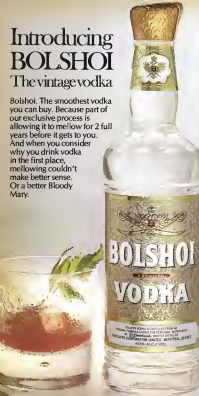


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Anne popped out of a huge turkey

regning king of shock rock. Alice Cooper, even though in real life Four-um is a traditional Middle American whose extenuating tastes run to playing golf, drinking Budweiser and watching TV sitcoms.

At Gordon's suggestion, Anne also head a vintage public relations man, Rex Gordon, who has also worked with Alice the Nasty Greasy Dan Band, Steve Miller and Murray McLauchlan. Gordon and Gordon hired Anne in the States to the press media and exposed her to the television people; and she soon turned up in *Time*, *Newsweek*, *Rolling Stone*, *Crow*, *Zoo World* (a rock magazine), *Performance*, *National Observer*, *Seventeen*, *The Christian Science Monitor* and *After Dark*. She made appearances on *The Merv Griffin Show*, the *Midnight Special*, *Enlightenment* (Hampden Special) the *Tonight Show* and on a special with the rock group Chicago.

Anne herself picked out a new \$50,000 wardrobe and threw a \$35,000 costume-party (her company paid for \$10,000 of it). Capitol Records picked up the rest before opening at the prestigious *Yachtclub* club in Hollywood. It was a Thanksgiving party (naturally she celebrated it on the American date) and wine and 300 pounds of turkey. Anne herself emerged from a great wooden turkey to greet the *Seventeen*. Gordon managed to get Anne together after a photograph with co-Seattle John Lammie. Alice Cooper, Harry Nilsson (her idol accidentally) and an *Atlanta* Mickey (Dolore). The picture was hardly candid, but it still managed to turn up in a remarkable number of North American publications and it helped give Anne what she so desperately needed: Rock Respectability.

But probably the most significant development of what became known as the new Anne Murray came from a non-famous review of *Woman + Song* by the respected American critic, Lester Kinsing.

Anne Murray is God's gift to the male race," Kinsing wrote. "You may think she's a strikingly independent, no-nonsense schoolteacher. Perhaps player with obvious notes on her lips, but you gotta rather think coming. And I know what I want. I want to hold hands I want to hold and coo sweet nothings in her well-dressed Canadian ear. Then while I'm seducing her to a quivering quiver of frozen helplessness I'll check out the rest of her to see if this source is worth pursuing further. I know she's gonna be great because all Canadian

In 1965, with 17 people to wash for, Mrs. Belec figured she better get a Maytag.

PHOTO COURTESY OF: MAYTAG CORP.



Leah and Mark Belec, West Linn, P.O.

She figured right. Through 9 hardworking years, the repairman has been practically a stranger.

"I had eight children of my own plus seven from social welfare, my husband and I made it 17 persons in all," states Mrs. Maria Belec, West Linn, P.O.

Mrs. Belec denied it takes a Maytag Washer to stand up to that kind of work load, so she got one. You can imagine the mountains of laundry that machine has washed since 1965.

"At one time I had four babies in diapers and had to do 9 or 10 loads a day," she says. But her Maytag took it all in stride, and it has hardly ever seen the repairman in the nine years she's had it.

Totally, only she and her husband are left at home, so life's a lot easier for her aging Maytag. Mrs. Belec says she's glad, because that faithful machine has earned a little leisure.

Naturally, we don't say all Maytags will equal the record Mrs. Belec has enjoyed. But dependability is what we try to build into every Maytag Washer and Dryer.



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When Anne yelled "You bet your ass" at a concert in Hamilton, the press leaped on it as a revelation of a new, earthy image.

babies are kept. It's in their bloodlines and the way they react tells us that."

This was our *Jesse* but was talking about. As far as we knew back home she wasn't even supposed to have the equipment. Rings was writing about (If you close your eyes and think of a naked Anna Murray, parts of her always come up, urthruhead).

But Anne loved it. "I thought it was great. I got a big charge out of that. Anybody can sit down and write down their feelings. Life seems to be a fun, and if that's the way he feels about me, great. It certainly turned a few heads around."

The Americans and the Cuban Embassy were surprised. What was happening in our Air Base? No one had expected this situation.

but-out-of-hiding campaign, and to their shock very few people noticed that Anne herself had been calling the moves. "People come up and say 'We don't like you since you've changed.' I say 'I haven't changed. They say they've changed me.' MSN.com is the best place to go."

"The only way you're going to get people to compete to join is to make waves," she says now. "Unless you demand certain things you're not going to get them. When I first came to the CBC, I found that Holmboe was difficult to work with. And she was difficult. Because she was a professional. She knew what she wanted and said so. She's right because she got things she she's wanted, and she was satisfied. And people dug the show."

Once the American film had got under way it was all catch-up ball in Canada. She soon had full-page spreads in our major newspapers with stories, magazine covers (like this one) and at least one other; and there was also word-of-mouth. The extraordinary aspect of the Anne Murray story was the way the Canadian press headlined it. Never before had they probed for flaws.

the television program said as she, with two co-scriptors, they lay spots, they buy "tongue" and when she yelled "You're your own" to a model crouched at the beach. The spring, it was reported in a new revelation showing the murky side of our old institution. But anyone who has known Anne for long is aware that the comment does not carry strong language. She sometimes drinks beer from the bottle, too. And smokes cigarettes, though never on television, where the public might see. But she was unable to convince the *Canadian Press* that she leads a dissolute, carefree life.

"The whole thing was a laugh because I was prepared for it," she says. "I knew exactly why they were coming like reporters who showed up for a morning-long press conference in Toronto's Hyatt Regency, and I said okay, I can go on there and tell them, 'Oh, yes, my image has really changed and I'm not doing this or that anymore.' " Mead says. "I was joking with everyone. I said, 'Look, I'm no different than I was two years ago. I have some new clothes, but other than that...' and they took it from there."

"It's so ridiculous. You play games with the media. You tell them you haven't changed but their article has to be about the image. That's what they're

She won't go anywhere
in public anymore



been sure to find out. They end up with
 ing something with an angle. They'll
 Oh, yes, definite differences in nature
 made one. etc. They'll remember it
 in their own minds. There are curious
 people I consider to be bright and I can
 carry on a fairly intelligent conversation
 with. I'll can do that with the press. then
 I'll do it. But if they're going to supply
 people there was one and what I
 then I'll just shut them off. There are
 news on the basis that I will have
 nothing to do with. I never ask people
 about their private life. I don't think it's
 necessary to talk about that.

After touring four dates with her — Roanoke, Denver, Columbus and Kansas City — I became very aware that privacy is the one priority she places almost as high as anything else. But it's a peculiar privacy: some things are okay to talk

about others not you don't. For instance, being up her long personal association with Bill Longworth. And you cannot document what she's worth.

though not a obviously wealthy as paper at least (with her best-selling records, an upcoming contract rumored to be worth a couple of million dollars or so, and impressive land holdings in the Maricao

which include a motel, a share of a senior park and land around Peggy Cove). In return for her pressing ambition she has lost the freedom to live an ordinary life: she won't go anywhere in public anymore, not to a restaurant, not even to a drugstore. She won't trust anyone because someone once reassured her he had no soul.

But that's not even half the bill do all she can to protect what privacy she has left. The most important consideration right now is to make it very, very big in the United States. And if that means giving up her image as queen of the high school games, that's just part of the price she has to pay. ☐

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The footprint of cancer

Dr. Philip Gold is that close to solving the mystery of faster, earlier and more accurate diagnosis

BY JOHN HOFSESS

Every 15 minutes a Canadian dies of a cancer. There is no immunity, no family is spared. Approximately 35% of all people now living will someday be told "You have cancer."

The battle against cancer gets on just as intensively as the disease itself has recently there has occurred in a small, sparsely equipped basement laboratory in Montreal, a dramatic new development which eventually may save the lives of millions. It is not a cure. It is unfortunately of no benefit to someone already ravaged by the disease. It might be called the medical equivalent of the DEW Line — a distant-early-warning system which may allow diagnosis of a cancerous condition faster, earlier and more accurately than ever. Early diagnosis is half the battle against cancer; already almost one in two people are cured of cancer by present methods of diagnosis and treatment (although this figure includes skin cancers, relatively common and curable, and chances of a cure in the treatment of cancers of the breast, cervix, bowel and related tumors, and Hodgkin's disease increase sharply the earlier the condition is discovered).

For many, the discovery of a cure for advanced forms of cancer will come too late. That is why Dr. Philip Gold, a 38-year-old immunologist at the Montreal General Hospital, has concentrated on a more promising area, trying to understand the biology of tumor cells with the aim of detecting cancer at the earliest possible moment. What Gold has done is produce a simple blood test which takes only 24 hours to process and may signal the presence of cancer in many areas of the body — such as breast, brain and lung — before any of the traditional signs of the disease appear. His research may also provide clues for diagnosis of cancerous body tissues. Many of his colleagues regard him as a truly pioneer of the Montreal Protocol Prize in Canadian medical history, following in the footsteps of Frederick Banting, co-discoverer of insulin.

Dr. P. G. Schelefeldt, assistant executive director of the National Cancer In-

stitute of Canada, describes Gold's work as "breaking the field of immunology in important and practical approach to combating cancer, which is something many immunologists have hoped and dreamed of doing. He has upgraded the whole science."

As Gold explains the history and nature of his research — a story with as many false leads and red herrings as an Agatha Christie novel — he seems first of all a doctor, a *Montreal Prince* or a *Lord Peter Wimsey* of the medical profession, who proceeds in the heat of lunches and discussions to track down a killer.

"Many people are terrified of cancer," he says. "They think of it automatically as a death sentence. This isn't true, even now. Early detection is the discovery factor and that's where my work comes in."

Surgery is successful only in the early stages of cancerous growth and eradication and chemotherapy, adequate to "cure" a cancer, could kill a patient if the dosage were not very carefully supervised and controlled. Such methods of treating a tumor must be called non-specific treatments because tumor cells and normal cells are not differentiated.

A theory that affected only the tumor cells selectively would have obvious advantages, and a major effort of cancer research has been to demonstrate qualitative biochemical structural and other differences in tumor cells which then, ideally, could be manipulated to impair growth of the tumor while avoiding injury to normal tissue. The concept underlying such research holds that tumor cells have some unique property not found in normal cells. Such a property might be either the cause of the malignancy or the result of it.

Using samples from the hospital, Dr. Gold and his colleagues first agreed to use extracts of the normal cells only (pinkish cells) from each over a period of months. When the rabbits had developed a minimum tolerance to all of the normal cells, they were given injections of the tumor antigen. In living animals, in normal cells, the rabbits

when they would receive antibodies directed only against the cancerous cells.

What Dr. Gold discovered was puzzling and astounding. The rabbits injected with cancer-tumor extract produced an antibody which led to the destruction of an antigen in rabbits, including production of antibodies that is found both in the tumor and in human fetuses between two to six months in gestation. In normal gestation, the antigen is produced, while needed, and then is genetically repressed.

The development of any kind of gastrointestinal cancer increases production of the antigen, Dr. Gold calls it "the footprint of cancer," for the antigen is easily detectable in the bloodstream in the majority of cancers.

"We don't know what CEA [the carcinoembryonic antigen] signifies. We don't know whether it is aiding the cancerous cells in trying to protect the normal cells. All we know is that as precursor is symptomatic of a cancerous condition — but that knowledge is extremely useful."

"The CEA test," he adds, "is not the only diagnostic tool, or even in all cases the best one, but our findings have now been confirmed in thousands of cases here and in the U.S." In Gold's view, however, only a small part of the mystery has lifted. If the primary function of CEA is to sustain and promote the tumor cells (as may well be the case), then a means may possibly be found of interrupting the genetic information transmitting both the production of CEA and cancerous growth. That is just one possibility.

As well as its small, cramped office, having books and notes on a rainy afternoon, Gold declares that there are bound to be blind alleys before the full meaning of his discovery becomes apparent.

But the most depressing thing about being a doctor, he says, "is knowing that so much illness is self-induced by the lifestyle of the patient. Nearly 60,000 people in the U.S. and Canada will die of lung cancer this year. Another 68,000



PHOTOGRAPH BY JOHN HOFSESS

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**Gold's work could
win a Nobel Prize**



or so will die in automobile accidents, most of them preventable. And national habits increase the susceptibility to a wide range of ailments. It almost makes one believe that human nature is a disease."

Saving people from themselves is not Dr. Gold's calling. He doesn't have the head of a marmoset.

"The most idealistic claim made for the medical profession is that it is dedicated to humanity. The most cynical claim is that it is only dedicated to making money. Neither claim, I feel, fits me. What I enjoy is the ongoing challenge of a hard puzzle, putting my wits against a tough problem and trying to unravel its mystery."

In pursuing his curiosity (as an associate professor of medicine at McGill University, and devoting his time between research and clinical practice as an assistant director of the division of clinical immunology and allergy at Montreal General), Dr. Gold moves about so much that his five-year-old son once remarked, "My father's a doctor but he can't keep a job." He works long hours but not in a state of tension or work obsession.

"I work at least a few days that I did at the beginning. I realize now how long a hard career research is going to be, and so I relax and go home in my family."

In 1973, eight years after he obtained his PhD from the McGill faculty of medicine, Dr. Gold was presented with the Senior Prize from the National Research Council, awarded annually since 1964 to honor "an outstanding contribution to the natural sciences." When he first published his report (in 1969) on blood-borne antigens in patients suffering from cancer of the bowel, there were no other papers on the subject available.

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The Americans are our best friends whether we like it or not.

ROBERT THOMPSON

Canada has never had a major war war. After hockey, Canadians would probably have found it dull.

JIM BHOSSAN

When they said Canada I thought it would be up in the mountains somewhere.

MARILYN MUNROE

The Montreal Olympics can no more have a deficit than a man can have a belly.

JEAN DRAPEAU

Another island is hours of boredom interrupted by minutes of stark terror.

AL BULSKA

Some men and all cattle lack pure lines.

GEORGE M. GRANT

Perhaps my political views can best be described by saying that I am the hyphen in the phrase Liberal Conservative.

FLOYD CHALMERS



I want my bedtime story.

GERDA MUNSINGER

John Kenneth Galbraith and Marshall McLuhan are the two greatest modern Canadians the U.S. has produced.

ANTHONY BURGESS

Canadians are the only people in the world psychologically capable of outgunning Wayne from Bleiser.

DOUG FETHERLING

If we led the generation we shall do serve the Maple Leaf as a symbol: a red face with a Mark expression, and a pointed head.

MAYOR MOORE

I have to keep something back in Montreal to reserve my nervous activities.

LEONARD COHEN

Canadian nationalism? How old-fashioned can you get?

E. P. TAYLOR

The government is doing something about unemployment — it's creating it.

DON BARRON



Montreal is the only place where a good French accent isn't a social asset.

BRENDAN BEHAN

A Canadian has been defined as some one who does not play for keeps.

WILLIAM KILGOURN

The national bird of Canada is the grouse.

STUART KEATE

Very little is known about the War of 1812 because the Americans lost it.

ERIC NICOL

A toughnut is a woman who thinks about sex as much as a man does.

RICHARD M. NEEDHAM

She was a Canadian and had all their very social graces.

ERNEST HEMINGWAY



The pre-war writer finds post-war readers.

ROBERTSON DAVIES



When I scored that final goal, I finally realized what democracy was all about.

PAUL HENDERSON

Indeed, Toronto being grey, why is it so provincial politicians.

BARBARA LONGO

A nation is a body of people who have done great things together in the past and who hope to do great things together in the future.

FRANK UNDERHILL

Good heavens, I forgot to speak in French!

GEORGES F. VANIER

Am I going too fast for you fellows?

ROBERT STANFIELD

We're not looking around. We're put the bell by the tail and we're looking him straight in the eye.

CHIEF DAVE COURCHENE

If you can't beat them out on the ally, you can't beat them in on the ice.

CONN SMYTHE

Trust — the privilege of being possessed by strangers.

LOUIS DUKER

Why, good heavens, no! Paguro is right there between Shmexex and Talamagouches.

CYRUS EATON

It isn't the best Canadian poet is Prof. Esposito and that is not a joke.

YENGENY YEVUSHENKO

Canadians are, after all, simply romantic who lose the courage of their hopes.

SCOTT SYMONS



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The right way to repatriate the economy

What's really needed is a new industrial strategy to pump up Canadian ownership

BY GEORGE SINCLAIR

The foreign domination of Canada's manufacturing and resource industries has long been a matter of deep concern to thinking Canadians. Parliament, in its last session, enacted a Foreign Investment Review Act and introduced the Canada Business Corporations Bill to bring this problem under control. This has been hailed as representing significant progress toward solving an urgent problem of Canadian industry. Unfortunately we are being misled on economic and industrial policy matters by the wrong policies.

Foreign ownership is not our basic problem. Our manufacturing industries are only 40% owned by Canadians, and our resource industries only 20%. Obviously we have a Canadian ownership problem which is far more serious than the foreign ownership one. Only a Canadian ownership policy will solve the missing Canadian companies. The strategy behind the new legislation is to increase the Canadian control of industry, not the Canadian ownership. It is assumed that effective control over the foreign subsidiaries can be attained through legislation. This is unrealistic: it is not that easy to gain control. Requiring companies to have a majority of Canadian directors will not accomplish as long as the nomination of directors is by the parent organization. There is no provision that a subsidiary can be considered under Canadian control in any real sense. The parent company clearly can control the financial resources available; it can control the flow of product information; it can control the export market completely. And there is little that a group of Can-



adian directors can do to modify parent company policy.

There is no way to convert a foreign subsidiary into a Canadian-controlled company by legislation short of nationalization, which is really no solution at all. For Canada to gain control over its economic and industrial destiny, a Canadian ownership policy is mandatory. What is required is a national industrial policy with an industrial strategy for implementing it. The policy would define the sort of industrial structure we need in the future to provide a firm base on which to build our economic and cultural growth. Defense goals need to be set, with the specific duties attached for their attainment. The primary aim would be to achieve a substantial increase in the industries that are Canadian owned and just controlled. It is only with such a policy that it becomes feasible to judge proposed new foreign investment on the basis of economic benefit to Canada. Such investments should be assessed in relation to their

impact on the attainment of the specified goals. Any other basis is unrealistic.

Some events of recent months serve to emphasize the urgent need for producing a national industrial policy. Last year's Western Economic Opportunities Conference in Calgary could hardly be said as a rebounding success simply because attempts were being made to solve the industrial problems of western Canada as a means of national policy. The continuing confrontation between Ottawa and the provinces over the energy program is another example of the need to tackle Canada's industrial problems on a truly national basis.

The Canada does not have a proper national industrial policy designed to encourage the Canadian ownership of large industries due mostly to a lack of basic knowledge. Our understanding of the functioning of modern industry is based on mutual ignorance. We have divergent ideas. And the blame for this situation must surely rest with the universities. They present an environment where industry that is quite hot the making is virtually impossible to achieve a balanced understanding of the problems faced by our domestic industries.

It is curious that while there have been volumes of statistical studies on our foreign ownership problem, very little has appeared on the more important issue of Canadian ownership. There is a lack of factual data on which to base a

George Sinclair is chairman of Sinclair Radio Laboratories, Concord, Ontario, and is a past vice-president of electrical engineering at the University of Toronto.

Our dependence on imported technology is based on the myth that if it's Canadian it can't be any good

national industrial policy. The crucial problem of assessing the importance to our economy of a domestic company versus a foreign-owned one has been surprisingly neglected. Also little understood is the regional diversity of industrial growth. As pointed out at the Calgary conference, westerners believe that industrial growth in the West has long been inhibited because their industries are treated as residual colonies by the industries of eastern Canada. Actually, the truth is that the industries of both eastern and western Canada are industrial colonies of foreign industries.

The national nature of our industrial economy is not so accident. A basic concept is that we have to depend to a large extent on imported technology (which is also claimed to be a great bargain). The concept is fallacious, based on the false argument that Canadian industry has always depended on imported technology and therefore will continue to. This is just an updated version of the old myth that "if it's Canadian, it can't be any good." The idea that imported technology is a great bargain is not supported by fact: it is just a theory. The idea that Canada should be a major source of technology is low cost to Canada, a frustratingly lack of the purchasing policies of most government agencies at this level of government, municipal, provincial and federal. When the national responsibility for industry acts as an industry growth, he seriously thinking in terms of importing a foreign subsidiary instead of creating it by supporting local companies.

Fallacies of "bargain buys." Canadian money from foreign owners are frequently advertised. Surely the time to buy Canada's manufacturing industries is when the price is at its lowest: that is when they are starting and not when they have become mature and foreign owned. The resource industries, because of political and international responsibilities, may require different treatment but they should still be acquired at any stage that is practical.

For many people, the main mistake of introducing a national industrial policy mixes the spectre of a few hundred

cost passing judgments on which segments of industry are to be favored and which are to be denied assistance. Actually what is involved is a basic policy of supporting excellence regardless of which industry it is. The core main instance should be given to those domestic companies demonstrating, by their actual accomplishments, that they are well-managed and progressive enterprises. Policies of supporting excellence of performance are not new in government circles: such policies have long been used in assigning research grants to

ownership policy is the prevalent that prospective foreign buyers of a Canadian-owned company will have to seek government approval before making the purchase. Again the basis for approval will be "highly beneficial" for Canada. The idea that there is a purely benefit and little cost is wrong. When all factors are considered, it is a fact that a foreign subsidiary can equal a domestic company in its potential contribution to the Canadian economy under a proper national industrial policy.

Surely a better solution to the takeover problem is available. We should create an economic and industrial environment in which it becomes desirable and profitable for Canadian companies to remain in Canadian hands. Canadian companies must be given more access to more contracts and orders from government agencies. There must be the opportunity to make reasonable profits, so the Canadian investor who has never been much interested in Canadian enterprise will become interested. The Canada Development Corporation has recently financed substantial amounts of money into the venture capital field, but there has been no risk by successful Canadian entrepreneurs to apply for it. The incentives and rewards are largely not good enough. The reason capital markets would disappear if Canadian companies had access to more contracts and orders from government agencies with a chance to make a reasonable profit. And then needs to be encouragement for the development of young Canadian-based industrial enterprises, otherwise as multinational are expected by 1990 to dominate up to 50% of the GNP of the free world, Canada will effectively be wiping out of its foreign markets. For too long a time, Canada's industrial policies have been based on separating know-how. It's time for us to get into know-how at our own risk, obvious that constructive Canadian ownership policies are needed, not restrictive foreign ownership policies, if we are to strengthen our domestic and foreign markets. We need a Canadian ownership policy.

many of our investments.

Certain aspects of Ottawa's new foreign ownership policy will operate to temper our achieving industrial Canadian ownership of industry. For example, new foreign investors are to be asked to make commitments to expand their operations to increase their exports, to enlarge their research and development activities in Canada. They are being asked to promote in all ways but to increase the foreign ownership of Canadian industry. Such thinking is wrong and results from partial knowledge of the impact of foreign investors on the economy, particularly in the long term. For many years Japan has followed very successfully an approach called Foreign ownership has been considered to be more an economic cost than an economic benefit. And Japanese companies have become internationally competitive through positive policies which encourage strong domestic growth.

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Solid Iceland

Midl winters in a civilized environment
BY TERRY MACCORMACK

Iceland is not a myth, it is a solid person of the earth's surface — Pjotr Malm

I used to be, you never heard anything about Iceland. It was one of those quiet, remote countries that lay down at the corner post office didn't know existed until it was the last few years a bogus making it in the news with stories about the world chess championship and the cool way with British.

You may have come across the name here and there. If you wanted literature you knew it was famous for an saga written during the 12th and 13th centuries. Or perhaps you read that the late W. H. Auden had carried on a long romance with Iceland from the time of his first visit calling it "heavenly ground."

with the most magical light of anywhere on earth." If you followed rock music you would have noted the late Jimi Hendrix's comment that he loved Iceland because some of the most beautiful women in the world live there.

Still, not many people knew much about Iceland. Before I left, friends had the impression I was setting off on a trek into some barren arctic wasteland and might never make it back. This is the kind of thing that attracts many travellers. Seeking in the very modern Vinland Bay of the Lofthelvi Hotel in Reykjavik one evening I was talking to a young Icelandic named Ole and he was telling me:

"Yes, there is this myth about Iceland. People have the impression it is so

solid and barren and completely covered in ice and snow all year around. They picture us living in gloom, and so on. Much the same as you Canadians are all lumberjacks who chop down trees. Of course it isn't true. But I find it nice to have these myths. I think it helps keep Iceland apart from the rest of the world, and I like that. Perhaps it is the same with you Canadians?"

There are other Icelanders who don't enjoy the myth and will tell you very bluntly that their country is not what the rest of the world likes to think it is. They point to its chilly-sounding name, saying it's not right that a country only one-eighth covered in ice should be called Iceland. It allows for too many misconceptions. Too many images of Ice-

When a reporter came to Iceland to interview a murderer, he found the man had been let out to go to a dance

Times living in glass men though there are no native illusions in Iceland and never have been. It implies severe cultural tensions here, when really Iceland has a surprisingly moderate climate with water much milder than Canada's, and summers that are refreshingly cool. The author of an excellent handbook on Iceland, *Iceland Is A Wonderful Country*, suggests "It would be more appropriate to exchange the name with Greenland, which consists largely of a huge ice cap."

But the mythic period. Which is unfortunate, because Iceland must certainly be one of the most striking places in the world to visit.

It is a country of only 280,000 people living on a rugged little island about a quarter the size of Newfoundland. Three-fourths of it is virtually uninhabitable and a mere one-fourth of it is worth exploring. It has few natural resources, no timber supply, and very little industry. Icelanders make their living mostly by fishing, farming and raising sheep.

Yet it is a country that has managed to achieve a high standard of living. It has all but eliminated poverty — Andersen called it "the only real classless society." And people live a long time in Iceland.

Its literacy rate is higher than that of the U.S. Every Icelandic 20-year-old publishing company sold a total of about 500,000 copies of Icelandic books.

There is almost no pollution in Iceland. There is no tapping, in fact, Icelanders consider it a sin if you try to tap the trees. The sport of hunting has been prohibited. And seriously enough there are no dogs allowed on the streets of some cities in Iceland.

Almost everyone in Iceland speaks English as though it were their natural second language, and many have a fair knowledge of Spanish, French, German and the Scandinavian tongues.

There is television in Iceland — it runs three around four-fifty in mid-night ten days a week, with Thursday being the TV people's day off (during the whole of July, while they are on holiday, there is no television at all). But Icelanders are not impressed with it. My landlady in Reykjavik told me about a former owner who dreamed up business by installing a TV set in the foyer of his house "to let his customers see for themselves just how bad television really is." She added that "it is often difficult to get rid of it, but that's true."

And most remarkable there is virtually no major crime or violence in Iceland. On a hot bus through Reykjavik

our driver informed us that "here in the world's most northern capital of just over 100,000 people, there are only 150 policemen, all of them unarmored, who seem to spend most of their time sitting around the tables drinking beer and playing Icelandic whist and keno. What crime there is is a petty theft and happens it up on a Saturday night."

But Sigurdur, a garage mechanic in the northern city of Akureyri, told me about a murder that had taken place there not long ago. It made headlines in the Akureyri newspaper, as well as in all five of Reykjavik's dailies.

Two men had got into an argument of some sort, he said, and one of them had taken out a knife and put an end to it. The man was unarmed and put in jail to await trial. A murder in modern Iceland was such a rare event that a *Lenski* paper sent one of its reporters to Akureyri to cover the story. The reporter arrived at the Akureyri jail and asked if he could interview the prisoner. The jailer said he had no objections, except that at the moment the prisoner wasn't in.

"He isn't in?" the reporter exclaimed. "He's been moved to another jail then?"

"No," the jailer replied. "The hush! He's out in the moment."

"Well, yes. He's gone to one of the local dances. After all, it's a Saturday night and the fellow asked if he could go out for the evening."

But... but the man's a killer!"

"A killer? Oh, yes. He killed a man. But it was a crime of passion. He would never do the same thing again."

"I see..." the reporter said. "But aren't you worried that he might renege?"

"Nonsense! No, he wouldn't do a thing like that. He realizes that he killed a man and that he must pay for it. He realizes this jail is his home now. He has nowhere else to go. He'll be back."

"You expect him back then?"

"Why yes, of course. But I tell you he had better be on time. Because if he isn't... well, I'll just have to look him out. I have to get my sleep, you know."

One thing that will always be of my life's propaganda about Iceland is the "hard fact" William Morris, a 19th-century poet and artist, wrote that it was no use trying to describe it but that "it was quite up to my ancient expectations as to strangeness, it is just like nothing else in the world." Everywhere for Morris was "strange" and "wild." Throughout his Icelandic journals, he writes of the

"glorious simplicity of the terrible and tragic but beautiful land."

During its toward Reykjavik from Iceland's Keflavik Airport my car didn't prove what I had landed on the moon. There was nothing on there but long, barren stretches of heath, low rock and vast patches of old-track order. Narrow winding roads led off the main highway, in disappear, suddenly, without black asphalt, as if I could lose it on a desert volcano. What made it even more eerie was the absence of any trees. It was like a nightmare landscape, overpoweredly austere and desolate and just a little frightening. I remember the sense of relief I felt when I finally arrived in Reykjavik.

"The land does this to you." Oh, had ordered another round of Viking Specials from the bar, along with a small shot of Brennivín, a kind of Icelandic champagne, often referred to as "The Black Death" because of its potency. "The land" speaks of violent things. But there is a serenity in it too. You can't help but be affected by it. There is this about Iceland, it is something you experience, you do not go and merely see it. Iceland, you experience. It is something special, like magic.

As he was leaving, Morris said to his car if a part of his life had passed away, was the last time he would ever see Iceland. His heart, he wrote, swelled with the wonder of it. "Surely I have gained a great deal and it was no odds when that brought me there, but a true witness for which I needed it."

HOW TO GO, WHERE TO STAY

There are daily flights from New York to Reykjavik with Loftleidir (Icelandic Airlines). During June, July and August an individual inclusive return for a maximum of 21 days is \$278 (airfare plus \$100 for hotel accommodations and meals) and has to be prepaid, 31 to 45 days before. The rate is \$277 if both cases start at a \$15 surcharge each way for weekend travel. The rate is \$282 when in September. October, April and May. From November to March it is \$258.

For further information write: Loftleidir, c/o Airlines (Loftleidir), 610 Fifth Ave. New York, N.Y. 10015.

Information on hotels and other accommodations can be obtained from *Hotels of Iceland* by Rótt Kallóss or from your travel agent. If you're traveling to Iceland during the summer season, reserve your hotel or lodging well in advance.

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WHY ROCK THE BOAT: THE BEST CANADIAN MOVIE OF THE YEAR

By John Hodes

The first people to see John Howe's *Why Rock The Boat?* — which is one of the best and funniest Canadian films made to date — were three women who were off the streets of Montreal on their way to their last, married couple in their mid-40s and another couple in their 20s. He'd had enough advice from well-meaning colleagues, now he wanted to know what simple things thought. Each had his qualities here and there, but even before they could their opinions he knew from their laughter that they were enjoying a terrific piece of entertainment.

The film was in its final editing stage at the National Film Board and Howe knew he had a lot to be proud of. It's that the film is 31 days, coming in under the budget set at \$450,000 — a considerable less since it is a period film, set in Montreal in 1947, with a cast involving more than 100 actors in some scenes — and he was now working up the adding, making and saving money in 40 days, again ahead of schedule and under budget. But Howe wasn't more than an A for efficiency, of course, he wants people to love the film.

Why Rock The Boat? was adapted by William Westreich from the novel published in 1961. Westreich and Howe re-shaped characters and events like so many other for the film version and here come with a winning hand. As with *The Apprenticeship Of Duddy Kravitz*, the film is set in post-war Montreal and its theme is the growing up of a young, ambitious guy, but in the days when there appeared to be some, then clear and high to go to life. The hero shares a journey: Harry Barker, cab reporter, Harry Barker, city clerk, Harry Barker, managing editor, why he'll get rise naturally with his poetic talent at the Montreal Daily Mirror.

Harry's been told that with care the paper could become the New York Times of Canada and he's determined to win his fingers to the headlines here in the dead of winter to get a story, and receive it 50 times and it's all so good.

The film is about Harry's painful "ride down the route of life" (as Tom Lehrer used to say). The solving of youthful idealism is often treated in a saccharine manner in movies, but *Why Rock The Boat?* knows that innocence and ignorance are necessary. Every man has of them, and is followed by a cold shower of irony. Harry's progress from someone who is understanding himself, from slow and, Canadian silence to initial success, is made possible in a completely plausible and engaging by actor Stuart Gillard (who gives one of those performances of which legends are made). As with Richard Dreyfuss in *Daddy Day After*, Gillard appears in every scene and reports to the film as energy is otherwise simply would not have.

The supporting actors, like (renowned) Zevu Leek, Ken Jones, Henry Beckman and Patricia Gage are all well cast and in top form. *Why Rock The Boat?* is a new kind of Canadian film: broadly commercial in appeal, yet well written and thoughtfully constructed. And it is entirely Canadian, not only in all aspects of its production, it's while care and



cost, but also in its substance and in its social observations. Here is a film, and, although not well known, the respect of numerous film awards, especially for his 1987 film *The Not Felt*. *Boys*, *Strangely Or Mysteriously*, he wrote and directed the musical *Johnny A Star Is Lost* (with tributes to all his movie favorites from Buster Keaton to Robin Williams) to be made as a TV special in the near future. Comparing movie interests him more than making movies these days. He wrote all the stories for *Why Rock The Boat?* and had the names arranged in the *Glean Miller*, *Tony Donny*, *Duke DeGarmo*, etc. style of the period.

"I may even give up making movies," he told me, "once though I now expect that the film will be a hit. I have an old house in southern Quebec, filled with antiques. To sit down by the window on rainy days and work away at the pen — peaceful, alone, inspired, that's the life."

It would be nice to report that such a thoroughly professional film as *Why Rock The Boat?* is the result of much positive luck and encouragement among Canadian film producers, but one of the reasons why John Howe wants to have the film known is that, apart from Michael Spenser of the Canadian Film Development Corporation who "loved the script" and went to great lengths to get the film produced, it's been an agonizing experience to get it made. Private investors said the film would never work and that it wasn't what the public was buying. NFB officials thought it was too commercial and not the sort of thing they enthusiastically believed in. No one would suspect to look at the film — which seems so sunny and self-confident — that it was the subject of such doubt and despair that it barely got made at all. But there it is: a golden fable, the NFB has produced a great film in spite of itself.

The plot of *Why Rock The Boat?* is pure gold. Gordon Fraser (in an ill match with an unimpaired smile of the eye as he could with lines of Shavian wit, there isn't much wit here but lots of wit) as Paul (Barker) as Rukia Isaac Silverman and Larry Duce as Vincenzo, the oldest son of a Mafia don, give spirited performances, but Tim Farrow has a part that gives him little to do and the film does amazingly little with it, while John Lee as the Rev. Philip Norwood is tall, tall and handsome, he fumbles every time a name requires him to carry the ball. The film is directed by Peter Pearson (Pearlback) with cold competence rather than imagination. With others care in the script-writing and casting it could have been a classic link.

RECOMMENDED THIS MONTH

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HOUSE OF PRIDE: ABSOLUTE PLOUFFE THAT TV DRAMA ISN'T DEAD

By Philip Marchand

Nobody ever claimed that dramatic series are the strong suit of Canadian television. For one thing, in order to have lively, imaginative drama that could convincingly say something about the way people live in this country you need TV writers with lively imaginations. We might as well stop right there. I'm not sure why these creatives are such rarities in TV Land. As far as I know, they don't carry infectious diseases or display criminal tendencies more than any other sector of the population. Whatever the reason, they don't seem to be particularly sought out by the producers of Canadian television drama. (True, the past few years have seen a few more hired by the CBC in a kind of token gesture among the liberals, but we'll all have to wait a while before we can tell how many that move was.) The result, in the meantime, is drama like *The House Of Pride* (CBC—7:30 p.m. Thursday) which is a 26-episode serial in the genre known as soap opera. Of course, it does not come labeled as such. According to the CBC it is "a new concept in North American English-language television: a continuing drama series chronicling the myriad experiences of a contemporary Canadian family scattered from coast to coast." It has a few things soap opera doesn't — series that out-of-focus and Canadian multicultural problems revolved in the drawing pot of scabrous dubbed and censored episode in the English system. It is a full soap opera, though, as heavily and familiar as your favorite soap opera does.

The "contemporary Canadian family" in *The House Of Pride* is, of course, the family descended from old Dan Pride, one of those cheekily, upright, bigoted Protestant patriarchs of Ontario literature, who, as we all know, were once the very spine and backbone of the province, God bless it. Anyway, the descendants of the old gentleman now live in Halifax, Montreal, Toronto, Winnipeg and Vancouver — the capitals of the five major regions in Canada (and, of course, the five cities where the CBC has production facilities). Their world is intermingled with that of other groups ranging from "Europeans" to "New-Immigrants" in *Dan Pride IV* carrying on his father's cheering ethnocentric tradition refers to them. And they encompass a wide range of personality types from the effete young man living in luxury in the high-end building construction.

This is Canadian content with a vengeance. The whole country, with the exception, perhaps, of some American civil readers, Coss Indians and recently arrived Bengali refugees, will be able to see themselves represented vicariously in this carefully unifying series.

The problem, of course, is that the situations, plot development, and even the topical references are all borrowed. George Robertson is a degraded veteran of CBC drama and the head writer for the series. He was the writer/creator of *Queen's Ransom* (MPT). Robertson's work, I suspect, could serve as a model for one of those dead animal articles in *Weekend* and *Artists' Year Book*, taking helpful writers how to turn out a "convincing" dramatic script for television. Each

scene in the Robertson episodes of *The House Of Pride* is well crafted according to the conventions. There is a tidy buildup of conflict between two characters ending with somebody's loaded exit line. "I wanted to make it perfectly clear he's not welcome here — ever!", then an ominous "We'll meet in the company of men to accompany the hide-out. Next is a peek-look of Arthur's headshot, the lower-class vulgar auto mechanic. For example, getting drunk in the third episode and singing — of all things — *We're In The Army Now*, it would be nice to see one of the stone-faced Wops in the family making a deal of himself over his cap. But, of course, everyone knows that upper-class Wops are much too reserved to allow themselves the liberties ethics forbids in life.

Television drama — even a dramatic serial with its endless demands on writers for good, workable material — does not have to be such lack work. Live sports coverage, public affairs programming, even a decent science series, are particularly to glaze soap opera in prime time.

The serial *People Of Our Time* (CBC—Monday, 10:30 p.m.) consists of 10 programs with the unappealing label of "film essays," which demonstrate what television does best. You take a person whose life and work has been full of passion and insight, an irascible person who can really people — not just subscribers to *The Canadian Press* or *The New York Review Of Books* — because of the hard-core authenticity of his observations, and you allow him to talk to us. People like R. D. Laing and Mary McCarty, two of the subjects of the series. Of course, programs like this depend on finding just the kind of subject. Possession analysis of the questionnaire, or the likelihood, gas what communication but from the reader level we have all come to know and love from CBC's *Playmate* will help do.

So far the program have been slightly uneven. Robertson's definition on the present program, *The Crown Pine* Toronto, were marred by the drawing philosophy that afflicts all his television performances. R. D. Laing in *The Politics Of Experience* on the other hand, was moving in his urgent and deeply human account of the pathologies of living with ourselves and other people — particularly in a society where single individualism is not exactly at a premium. One could wish that the producers of this program knew what to do with Laing's commentary other than splice it up and continually interrupt it with shots of lonely old men feeding geese, snowbirds roosting in public parks, people riding up de-powered toy scooters on a date — all those familiar devices beloved of audience film makers who consider themselves "creative" of our human condition, with a grounding scientific gibberish and jolly lyrics sung in the background to boot.

THIS MONTH'S TV SHOWS

Watch: *Nuclear* (CTV — Thursday, 9:30 p.m.)
Chris And The Man (CBC — Thursday, 9:30 p.m.)
Review: *The Irish Rovers* (CBC — Sunday, 7:30 p.m.)
Police Surgeon (CTV — Thursday, 9 p.m.)



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CHARLES RITCHIE'S CONFESSIONS: SEX AND THE THIRD SECRETARY

By Kildare Dobbs

In exiled London back in 1941 a Canadian third secretary confided to his diary, "I suppose I ought to cultivate the society of solid civil servants instead of nervous Romanians, politicians and European diplomats." That junior diplomat was Charles Ritchie, a Nova Scotian who later became Canadian Ambassador to Washington and High Commissioner in London. Now he has published his "unapologetic diaries" for the years 1937-1945, under the title *The Seven Years* (Macmillan of Canada, \$10.95). For most of that period he served as private secretary to Vincent Massey, then High Commissioner in London. Massey in confiding was the future Prime Minister. Later Massey and his wife rose to publish their own official memoirs. Ritchie confesses some daring something all-odd to what his chiefs here said. What he does tell us about, with a candor unmatched in the memoirs of other public servants, is Ritchie himself. Old duty, this third secretary buried with a hard penknive drive is one of the best leaders in the land. The story of his life are not varied scenes.

Ritchie is a bona fide with no scale and colossal mind and a sensitive eye. In 1942 he found Massey a curious and fascinating character, "that blend of seriousness and superciliousity. He has enormous susceptibility to the more playful forms of drama. What he loves in life is delicacy — the pleasant surface style."

Ritchie too is a life with style, but his person (like Massey's) is complicated by a habit of detachment. A Canadian, he remains aloof at heart as he orders a chop at the club or strolls on the lawn of a stately home.

The same detachment weakens his love affairs. With the woman that he has loved he remains uncommitted. One of his admirers is short eared. The work is an American ballerina, beautiful but, in the young diplomat's eyes, dumb. "If that bloody ballerina does not come across tomorrow I am through with her," he writes, exasperated. "She gave me a model of Our Lady of Lourdes today, but she seems to be getting colder the longer she gives me."

He seems to have met his match in Elizabeth Bowes, the Anglo-Irish aristocrat with whom he formed a passionate friendship. "The first time I saw Elizabeth Bowes I thought she looked more like a beautiful player than a poet," he wrote in September, 1941. "I'm without having read a word of her writing would one not say it, that something mysterious, passionate and poetic was behind that worldly exterior." One would, obviously, before long be in a literary manner, "Elizabeth says that T. S. Eliot told her first without alcohol he could never have got the mood for his poems. That is good news." And then, "Elizabeth came to us as the morning and brought me a cyclotron." Ah, from thirty Irish Protestants! They said, among the flowering shrubs of Hampstead talking of Virginia Woolf, with the house in Regent's Park, lunch at the Ritz. By September 1942 the novel that his house "dear Elizabeth to whom I owe everything." Some time in 1944 she disappears from the diary.

A postscript to the book tells us that Charles Ritchie has

been happily married to his wife Sylvia for more than 25 years.

Ritchie's sophisticated self-awareness is revealed in a very early describing a dinner with the Masseys in April 1942. One of the guests was "sitting in a high chair with her legs dangling on a footstool. Her small hands covered with diamonds, and with her pointed feet — she looked like a modern-day baby — something on Grady Gielgas." She is a lovely Scot, and the lovely Scot from Roswell on a the most irresistible animal on earth when it comes to worldly glitter and beauty I should know — I am one."

The guest for worldly glitter brings Ritchie into the company of many famous British personalities, George VI, Lady Margie, Anthony, Lady Dore, David Crozier, the Duke of St. Albans (who said, "I have all the Europeans, except Scandinavians — of course, I forget all dates"), the Stewarts, Field Marshal Sir Philip Chetwode, the present Queen Mother, Princess Anne-Marie, Crichton and many others.

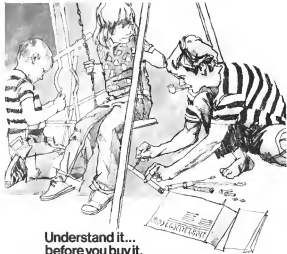
The Seven Years is an engaging hour or so of gossip with a man well worth knowing for his own sake. Heavy political commentary it isn't, but we've had more than enough of that in Canada. It is nice to know that under the stuffy shirt of at least one of our country there beats the heart of a poet, a bookend and a congenial reader. I hope there will be more caustic from Charles Ritchie.

The First Woman by John Galsworthy (Ames, \$3.95) is a sequence of three long stories on the theme of the novel female glittering with the brilliance of the best living portrait painter and one of Canada's finest and best known poets. Confronted in men society divorced from reality, scenes where nothing happens. *The Blind Brother*, *The Faded Dream* of *Elmore*, and *Last* he doesn't see three variations on Galsworthy's lifelong obsession, the last woman.

The Blind Brother, presented on two planes, human and divine, is richly romantic and serious. It's a kind of footnote to Galsworthy's lifelong obsession, *Blindness*, *Blindness*, *Blindness*. The three are each near Nabokov's *Invitation to a Beheading*, which means years before it, in its deliberately shocking irony. The third tale, a satirical treatment of the theme, is set in the future. Women have all but eliminated men, causing at the age of 30 all males that remain. Two maladjusted boys armed with obscure writings are trying to break out of jail. They are aided by the beautiful lesbian detective, Maria Hope, whose mission it is to have them "admitted."

Such tales will be read with enjoyment long after the sweetest of the heart are forgotten — but they are not for unacquainted readers.

Will some kind person please give Charles Tompkins a big kiss? He seems to be trying very hard to attract attention. His last book was called *Brass*, a crack at the market portrayed by Mark Twain, Louis and John. The new one is *The Kidnaping of The President* (McClelland and Stewart, \$9.95) which tries to go one better than *The Day Of The Jackal*. But Tompkins is not a scriptwriter and his thriller is the work of will rather than imagination.



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INDEXING: INCOME GEARED TO INFLATION IS NO CURE

By Ray Magladry

It looks as if we are going to give in to inflation. Many of our politicians and economists have come to the conclusion that it can't be denied and there is little point in fighting it with a wretched cure. The only way to handle it is to learn to live with it. Ride with the wave. Trust it like the ocean and find a way to make the affliction tolerable.

The new handy pain reliever we're being offered instead of a miracle cure, is called "indexing" — a way to adjust nearly everything to the realities of rising prices, a system that has been discussed various other positions and taken no changes in the cost-of-living. In short, it's reached for compensating the victims of inflation (that's most of us) by automatically lowering our earnings to offset losses of purchasing power; and by reducing taxes in accord with inflation.

As a theory, and even as a process, indexing is coming on strong, even to the extent of those who aren't prepared to concede the fight to the inflationary wind at the door. And indexing does look like surrender.

No one but a misanthrope would quarrel with the impulse behind it. It's nice to see equity and fair play. Since severe inflation puts an insupportable burden on people (particularly the poor, the weak and the elderly), the idea is to let indexing provide across-the-board protection against inflation's worst effects. At least, so runs the argument of, among others, that eminent Chicago economist, Milton Friedman.

And there is a strong Canadian following. In a C. D. Howe Research Institute publication, *Income's Afloat*, Macmillan and Carl Bangs talk of the social and moral justifications of indexing. The device, they argue, would attempt to "redistribute the losses of purchasing power caused by rising prices." Another monograph, from economist Michael Copeland and Arthur Donner, has proposed that Canada's Social Security benefits be scrapped and replaced by fully indexed savings certificates. These would protect and assist by adjusting yields upward to offset rising prices each year.

Those who advocate indexing would particularly like to use income taxation treated in this way. Governments, they charge, are really big winners from inflation — collecting more taxes as incomes rise. Indexing taxes would remove, in part, a government's opportunity to exploit inflation, as well as bringing fairer treatment to taxpayers.

Canada is going to oblige indexing's boosters in the 1974 tax year; it will become one of the first countries to adopt tax indexing. Personal tax certificates and tax brackets will change yearly with a cost-of-living measurement.

Others have already made such moves toward indexing in other areas. Canada's pension plan and child-age security payments will rise according to increases in the consumer price index; earlier this year, the indexed profits on Canada Savings Bonds were raised to 9.5% — an impressive effort at indexing but nevertheless conceding the futility of the idea.

In the private sector, several big labor unions have accepted contracts and suggested cost-of-living escalator clauses for the benefit of their members, some corporations,



quietly, are jacking up pension payments to retired workers.

But what we have been treated to so far is just a taste of the insanity. Many areas of the economy have been left untouched. Most holders of government bonds, for instance, have already taken a merciless beating from inflation. There are many other losers: people who took out savings plans promising, say 8%, are losing ground, showing negative rates of return when you account for inflation and higher tax rates; similarly holders are being robbed in a shocking manner since inflation steadily erodes the real worth of the fixed-dollar investment (outside an insured portfolio, the members of fixed-income retirement plans and mutual funds are learning about the contribution of savings, as they watch their value go down and the dollars that are left lose buying power).

In the meantime, the rich with more liquid assets, who have been able to pour money into real estate, down and such assets as the gold market, have been making killings off inflation. You have to be rich to start with to take advantage of an inflationary spiral and, of course, if you're poor, the money you do hang in to continue to live its life.

This situation gives credence to the fears expressed by the doctors, the traditional, somewhat conservative economists who prefer to keep social and moral policies out of their calculations. They advised that indexing — supposedly the great equalizer — will not really equalize anything — it will simply shuffle the inequities around.

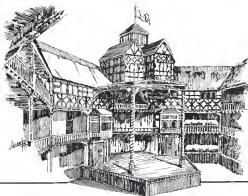
That's one worry, but it isn't the main one. Will it build further inflationary expectations into the market? Will it relieve governments of all pressure to control cost and price levels? If so, where's the end to it? It could be runaway inflation. It could be a bust.

The supporters of inflation sometimes point to Brazil — a country that has brought its inflation rate down from the upper stratosphere to ground level while applying a semi-fixed system of indexing — as an example of its success.

Right; however, is not your average industrial democracy. There's an authoritarian flavor to government there that wouldn't sit well with other societies. In any event, there's some doubt that indexing alone tamed Brazil's inflation rate to any lower level. In 20% a year. Other measures were involved. Fixed rations were used, and a budgetary deficit was transformed into a surplus last year. In addition they used price and wage controls.

There have been sporadic attempts at indexing in other areas and in other places. France, for one, used indexing after the Second World War. It was partly responsible for a devaluation and an economic crisis. Not very encouraging evidence, such as it is.

And so, we fall into the eye of the storm without a chart. With no indication of where we're going. If indexing tears the economies of western countries apart, the big losers will be those the people who were supposed to gain from it. They deserve something better than the dangers of accepting uncontrolled inflation, brain locks, as an economic policy.



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CBC STAGE —SATURDAY NIGHTS

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November 9

The Carrying Man

by Neil Munro

November 16

Impromptu

by Diane Giguère

dramatized by George Robertson

November 23

Yes It's For A Very Young Man

by Gertrude Stein

dramatized by Peter Brockington

November 30

The Year Of The Lord

by Christine Rosetti

dramatized by John Horvat

CBC PLATHOUSE —SUNDAY NIGHTS

November 3

Benjamin Burnham

by J. W. Wells

dramatized by Norman Miller

November 10

Experiments

by Morris McMillan

November 17

Angus

by Chris Higgins

November 24

The Sound of

the Flaxnet Dissolving

by Anne Lesko

CBC TUESDAY NIGHT

November 5

Women in the Attic,

by ACTRA Award-winning

playwright Len Peterson

November 12

All Soul's Night

by Joseph Torsley

November 19

Snapshots—The Third Drunk

by Donald Cameron

**CBC
RADIO**
November

FLORA, THE RED TORY OR: MS. MacDONALD AS PRIME MINISTER

By Heather Robertson

The idea came to me about a year ago as I was watching Golda Meir on television. I was fascinated by her public image: those forehead-knits in those stockings, the dark, shapely dresses, grating her politics back in a way, suggesting that grey hair with blonde, a woman without feminine artifice, a pragmatic devoid of the trappings of power. Everybody's grandma. Then I saw her eyes. They glinted and darted like two coiled snakes, cold, hard, steady snakes. Tough grandma. She was Scotch. Mother heart, giver of life and death, an incarnation of the earth itself, the white podium now has warmed her hands: the beginning of civilization, a symbol of Israel's hope and sorrow, an exclamation. Golda Meir came to power because it was a woman, not a man, that Israel needed to give it strength. I began to think that we too could use a woman prime minister.

It's a prospect which is more than a fantasy — within the last month Flora MacDonald, MP for Kingston and the Islands, had probably emerged as a serious contender for the leadership of the Conservative Party when Robert Stanfield retired. The idea is still greeted with incredulity even among party apparition but Miss MacDonald, although relatively unknown across Canada, has surprising party strength.

Idesbald, Ontario's daughter from Cape Breton, she worked on Stanfield's successful Nova Scotia campaign in 1956 and went on to party headquarters in Ottawa where she became national secretary, a position which made her known, by name at least, to every Tory in Canada. In 1966 she was fired by John Diefenbaker and became a rallying point for the "Daisy Duff" forces who eventually succeeded in electing Stanfield. She is close to both Stanfield and Dalton Camp, an approved but not unenviable position, and is generally considered to be a "Red Tory," a conservative with a social conscience. She is a democrat, a believer in individual rights, even if it means government intervention to provide equality of opportunity, and her popular language makes her not antipathetic to grass roots Conservatives such as Jack Hunter. She is a founding member of the Committee for an Independent Canada and Conservative critic on Indian Affairs and Northern Development.

Flora is 48, an angular redhead with a blunt Scotch face and a warm voice. She took the Kingston seat from the Liberals in 1972 and held it easily in 1974. She knows politics inside out and is enormously popular within her constituency and the party. And Flora is ditty.

But can a woman make it?

"She can try," says Flora. "Ten years ago people were hostile. The hostility is gone now but people have to be convinced that a woman is credible. She must be able to discuss all important issues — economics, foreign affairs, labor, agriculture, finance. She can be outspoken but she must be serious and responsible. She mustn't appear timid or apprehensive. A woman candidate's quickest road to power is to become a well-known political celebrity, to use the press and TV to create a personality of popular respect which

would be reflected in voting at the leadership convention.

It is here, where image takes over from reality, that a woman faces the greatest difficulty. She has to play by different rules. In her first election, unskilled campaign and flame-broiler taste in clothes, Judy LaMour was much like Pierre Trudeau, in fact, these characteristics were made to look indecent, as then they were called character. "Can you imagine?" says a female columnist, "a middle-aged woman politician grabbing every ten-year-old boy in sight and kissing him?" In spite of her impressive cabinet record and wide popular appeal, Judy would have been unable to get feminist backing in the 1968 federal leadership race. "I would have been looked upon as a spoiler and underdog, a disruptive candidate in a serious business," she says.

A woman has to be attractive and seductive to men voters but she must not be blatantly sexual for fear of arousing sexual jealousy and hatred. She needs gabby which makes her neither a dragon nor a dream puff. A woman politician has to be absolutely secure and self-confident in her personal identity. That's difficult because women tend to imitate men or to adopt behavior men prescribe for them. No one wants a prime minister who can be manipulated, and women have traditionally been manipulated. In Canada it would probably help if she was elderly, widowed or single. "There has to be a breakthrough," says Flora. "People don't believe that women can have power because women are never seen in positions of power."

The election of a woman as leader of a Canadian political party would be an amazingly daring and imaginative act. It could also be a disaster. "A female John Diefenbaker wouldn't make it to prime minister," says a feminist friend.

A successful politician is little more than a projection of the nation's collective fears and aspirations. He must anticipate a leader in the men's people are able to identify with him. There is no reason why a woman cannot be so powerful a symbol as a man. Male leaders tend to mold themselves to traditional mythic roles — warrior, statesman, philosopher king. Women too can play on these ancient archetypes — love politics, Virgin Queen, Great White Mother. The ideal leader combines elements of all of these, she radiates a fundamental strength and confidence which is beyond sexuality. The election of a woman prime minister would require such a radical shaking of traditional Canadian patriarchal values that, once in power, she would be almost invincible. Perhaps it is this that frightens people.

There are certain situations that envisage the emergence of a female leader. A woman could be identified with a strong nationalist movement, a war of liberation. A woman also prefigures a strong moral force, an impulse toward reform, unity, stability. It is likely she will emerge not as a radical but as conservative, a symbol of preservation and survival. Certainly this role exists in Canada, waiting for someone to fill it. Flora MacDonald's description of a woman prime minister is a unusually accurate description of herself.



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